PSYCHO™

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NO 15
NOV 1973

SPECIAL
ALL
GHOUL
HORROR ISSUE

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

...THE ARCHAIC ART OF EMBALMING THROUGH THE PROCESS OF ***MUMMIFICATION*** IS AN ALMOST-LOST ART, KNOWN BUT TO A ***FEW***... ***HEWETSON*** AND ***CINTRON*** ARE TWO WHO ***KNOW*** AND HERE PRESENT FOR YOUR LUNATIC EDIFICATION THE PROCEDURE OF:

HOW TO MAKE A MUMMY

...IN ***EGYPT*** MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO THE ***DEAD*** WERE BURIED IN ***SHALLOW GRAVES*** WRAPPED IN SKIN... THE HOTNESS AND DRYNESS OF THE DESERT CAME INTO DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE SKIN AND ***STOPPED*** THE DEGENERATING PROCESS...***HAIR*** AND ***SKIN*** WERE OFTEN ENTIRELY ***PRESERVED***...TO AID IN THIS PROCESS A METHOD OF ***EMBALMING*** WAS PERFECTED... ***THIS*** IS THAT PROCESS... ***1***...REMOVE THE ***BRAIN*** BY A SMALL PIN-LIKE ***INCISION*** AT THE ***BASE*** OF THE ***SKULL***...

2...OPEN THE BODY UP, REMOVE ALL SOFT INNARDS EXCEPT THE ***HEART***. ***3***...WASH THE INSIDE OF THE BODY CAVITY...

A...***MUMMY!***

...THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO...BUT FOR SOME ***MACABRE*** AND UNEXPLAINED REASON IT HAS ***NEVER*** BEEN DUPLICATED...

IT IS ***NOT*** A PROCEDURE WE ***RECOMMEND***... IT IS EXPENSIVE, TIME-CONSUMING AND DOES NOT MATCH CURRENT DAY EMBALMING METHODS...***BUT***, AS AN HISTORICAL AND ARCHAIC PROCEDURE FOR YOUR INTEREST ONLY...***THIS IS HOW TO MAKE A MUMMY!!***

4...DOUBLE THE BODY INTO 2 AND PLACE IT INTO A LARGE JAR FILLED WITH A SOLUTION OF SALT OR NATRON...DO NOT IMMERSE THE ***HEAD***...LEAVE FOR ***FOUR WEEKS***...

5...REMOVE BODY FROM JAR AND WASH IT. ***6***...FILL THE BODY AND SKULL WITH PRESERVATIVES. ***7***...PLASTER THE BODY WITH RESIN AND FATTY PASTE. ***8***...WRAP THE ENTIRE REMAINS WITH A COMPLEX SERIES OF BANDAGES...70 DAYS THIS WILL TAKE...AND WHEN YOU ARE FINISHED, IF THESE DIRECTIONS ARE FOLLOWED EXPLICITLY, YOU WILL HAVE MADE YOURSELF...

...THE GHOULS LIVE INSIDE THIS

SPECIAL

ALL-ORIGINAL

ALL-GHOUL PSYCHO HORROR ISSUE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

— PUBLISHED BY: ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

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RICARDO VILLAMONTE ' ZESAR

. . . welcome to PSYCHO #15 . . .

THE SPECIAL ALL-GHOUL ISSUE

BLOOD & LACE

THE 13 DEAD THINGS

Murders IN THE Rue Morgue

GHOULS WALK AMONG US

GHOUL

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. . . featuring 13 DEAD THINGS on page 4 . . . a honeymoon couple courting death on page 18 in: WHEN THE BAD MOON RISES . . . I AM A GHOUL . . . a saga of sea on page 28 : THE GHOUL . . . the horrible HOUSE OF DEMONS on page 38 . . . our Special 4 in 1 PHOTO FEATURE on page 49 ; THE ALL-GIRL-GHOUL MOVIE REVIEW . . . GHOULS WALK AMONG US on page 54 . . . on page 61 the tale of THE TOWN THAT CRUMBLED . . . and I LAUGH THE LAUGH OF THE GRACEFUL DEAD on page 62 to round-out our HORRORS . . . all tales out of hell to whet your appetite for the unknown terrors and awkward horrors in the HORROR-MOOD style you've come to love and FEAR . . .

4 in 1

Scream Screen

Preview

All

Girl-Ghoul

Movies

of

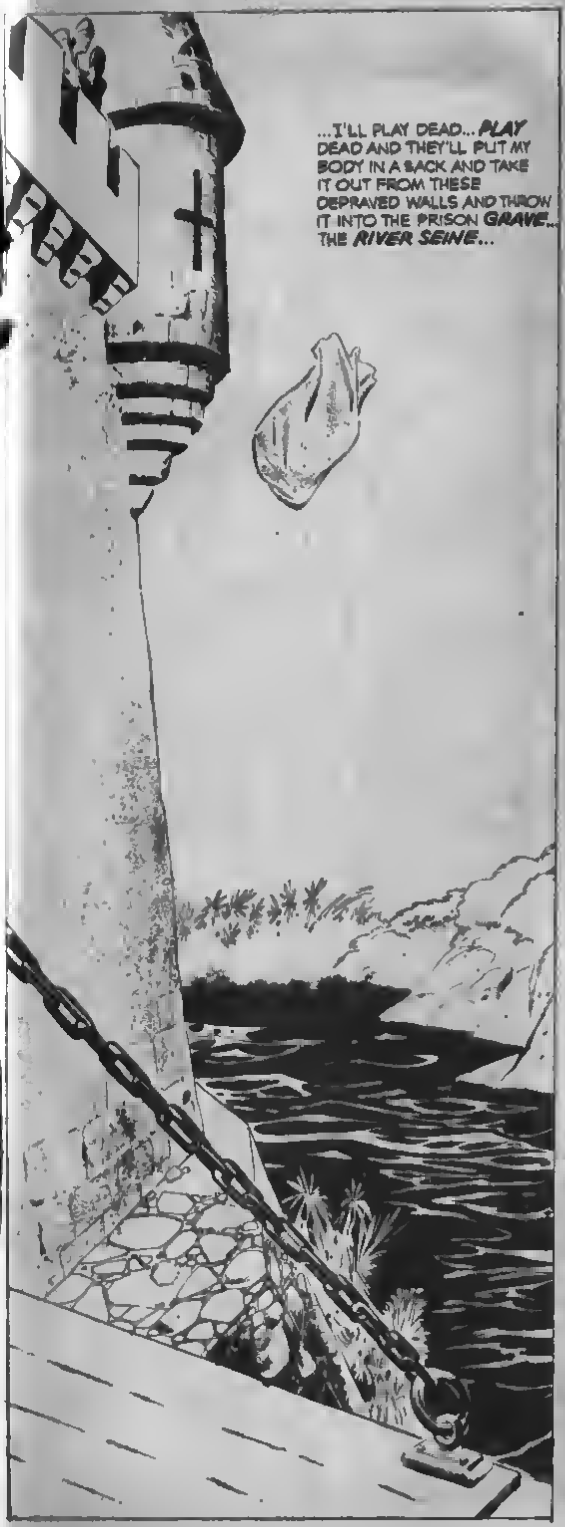
the

Macabre

...IN 1662 IN MARSOULE, FRANCE, A MAN WITH NOBLE BLOOD IN HIS WRETCHED VEINS WAS WRONGLY IMPRISONED.. THE COUNT OF MONTE GODO WAS THROWN INTO THE LIFE CELL IN THE BLACK DUNGEON OF FRANCE'S MOST IGNOBLE PRISON .. LEFT TO BE FED UPON BY THE RATS TILL HE DIED. . HIS CRIME WAS OBSCURE, BUT HIS MIND WAS FIXED... FIXED UPON THE DEATH OF 13 TORMENTORS ... THE 13 WHO CONSPIRED TO HAVE HIM IMPRISONED AND OUT OF THEIR WAY... THIS IS THEIR STORY, AND HIS STORY...
THE 13 DEAD THINGS

...OH GOD...
I AM WRETCHED...
...OH GOD. I MUST GET OUT OF HERE...THERE ARE PEOPLE TO BE PUNISHED FOR THEIR CRIMINAL ACTIONS AGAINST ME— ...I AM FALSELY IMPRISONED... ...FALSELY
... I MUST GET BACK AT THOSE WHO CONSPIRED TO PUT ME IN THIS HELL-HOLE... ...BUT THERE'S NO WAY OUT... I'M LEFT TO DIE WITH RATS... ...MY... ONLY FRIENDS...
DUH KLAKKERK KLICK CLICK CLICK
...HULLO... HULLO. HULLO—
WHAT?
...MY GOD...
...HULLO HULLO... SOMEBODY THERE?
SOMEBODY THERE...?

...OH NO... I THOUGHT I WAS OUTSIDE... ... I THOUGHT I WAS ON THE OUTSIDE...
...NO ..YOU'RE NOT ON THE OUTSIDE.. .. ONLY THE DEAD GET ON THE OUTSIDE...
...GOOD LORD... ...HE'S DEAD...
..HE'LL GET OUT NOW..
...THAT'S IT...


...I'LL PLAY DEAD... PLAY DEAD AND THEY'LL PUT MY BODY IN A SACK AND TAKE IT OUT FROM THESE DEPRAVED WALLS AND THROW IT INTO THE PRISON GRAVE... THE RIVER SEINE...

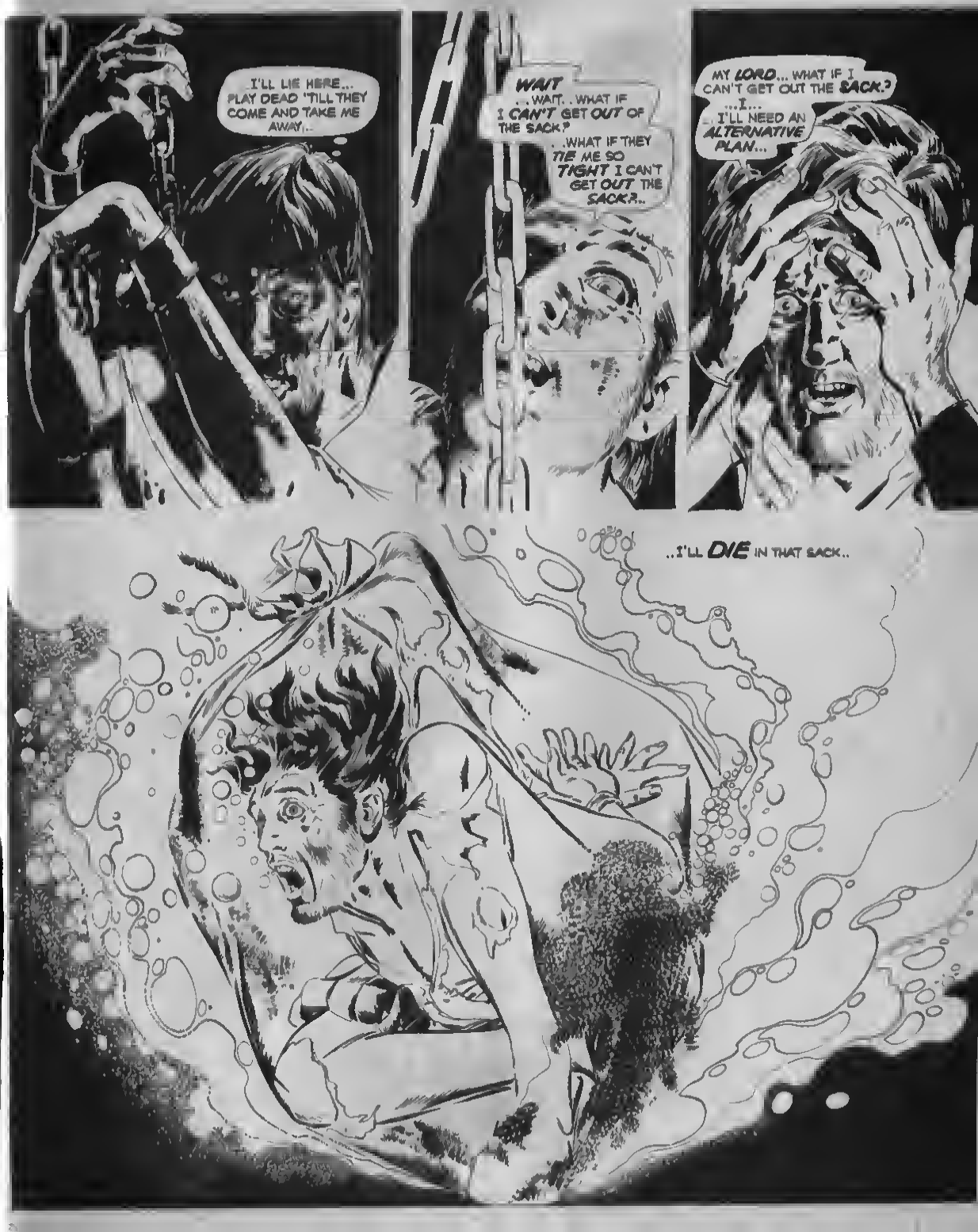
...I WON'T BE TIED BECAUSE THEY'LL THINK ME DEAD...SO I'LL GET OUT OF THE SACK AND ESCAPE TO SHORE...

THEN I'LL GET HER... I'LL GET HER FIRST... GO TO THAT WOMAN WHO WAS MY WIFE AND STRANGLE THE LIFE OUT OF HER FOR HER PART IN THE CONSPIRACY...

...THEN I'LL STRANGLE HIM... CHOKE HIM TILL HE IS DEAD...
...THEN I'LL CUT OFF THEIR HEADS, PUT THEM INTO A SACK... AND I'LL DRAG THE SACK AROUND AND COLLECT ALL THEIR HEADS TO FEED MY FRIENDS THE RATS...
...AND THEN I'LL KILL MY THREE SONS.. THOSE 3 CREEPS WHO CONSPIRED WITH THE DOCTOR TO HAVE ME COMMITED BECAUSE OF INSANITY... I'LL... KILL THEM... ALL 3 OF THEM...
...AND THEN I'LL GET THAT LUNATIC DOCTOR... I'LL RIP HIS HEAD OFF FOR MY SACK AND MAKE HIM SUFFER FOR WHAT HE DID TO ME...

...THEN ONE-BY-ONE I'LL GO AFTER ALL OF THEM..I'LL MURDER THEM ALL.. BEHEAD THEM ALL...
...THE WARDEN OF THIS HELL AND HIS HENCHMAN WHO TORTURED ME WHILE I WAS HELPLESS...
..AND I'LL KILL MY 'FAITHFUL' BANKER WHO REFUSED ME MY OWN MONEY IN MY LAST MOMENTS OF CRISIS...
...THEN I'LL KILL THE LAWYER WHO MIS-REPRESENTED ME...

..THEN I'LL SLAUGHTER THE MERCILESS MONEY-GRUBBING JUDGE WHO CONVICTED ME INNOCENTLY... FOUND ME MAD WHEN I WAS SANER THAN HE...
..THEN I'LL KILL MY BLACKGUARD BROTHER WHO CONSPIRED WITH OF THEM SO HE COULD GRAB ALL OF FATHER'S INHERITANCE...
..THEN I'LL KILL THE SNOOP THEY HAD TRAILING ME AND WHO LAID FALSE TESTIMONY ABOUT THE LEGALITY OF MY HABITS... I'LL KILL THE CREEP...
...AND I'LL BRING THEIR HEADS BACK HERE AND FEED MY FRIENDS THE RATS...


I'LL LIE HERE... PLAY DEAD 'TILL THEY COME AND TAKE ME AWAY...
WAIT ...WAIT...WHAT IF I CAN'T GET OUT OF THE SACK? ...WHAT IF THEY TIE ME SO TIGHT I CAN'T GET OUT THE SACK?..
MY LORD... WHAT IF I CAN'T GET OUT THE SACK? ...I... ...I'LL NEED AN ALTERNATIVE PLAN...
..I'LL DIE IN THAT SACK..

...I...WON'T LET DEATH STOP ME... I WON'T... I'LL STILL GET REVENGE ON MY TORMENTORS EVEN IF IT IS AS...A LIVING CORPSE...
...AND I WILL KILL HIM... I WILL ESPECIALLY TAKE DELIGHT IN KILLING HIM...
...AND LORD KNOWS I'LL KILL THEM... I MUST KILL THEM...

..AND THEN I'LL RIP THAT LUNATIC DOCTOR LIMB FROM LIMB...
..I'LL... KILL THEM AS THEY TRIED TO KILL ME !!...
...AND I'LL CRUSH THAT CRIMINAL BANKER...
...I'LL PUSH THAT LAWYER'S HEAD RIGHT THROUGH THAT WALL...

...THEN I'LL SLAUGHTER THAT JUDGE. ***I'LL SLAUGHTER HIM!...***

NOW.. I'LL PLAY DEAD WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE... EITHER WAY I'LL GET THEM... ...I'LL GET THEM!!...
WHY CAN'T I MOVE?
...OH MY GOD...
...WHEN THE GUARDS FOUND WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM THEY COLLECTED IT TOGETHER AND PUT IT IN A SACK, AND THEY THREW THE SACK INTO THE RIVER SEINE... AND THEN THEY PERMITTED THE 13 RATS TO MOVE TO ANOTHER OCCUPIED CELL AND ANOTHER... RAVING LUNATIC...

. . . welcome to PSYCHO # 15 — the SPECIAL ALL-GHOUL ISSUE wherein we feature only weird ghouls, gal-ghouls, lunatic ghouls, monster ghouls and undead ghouls . . . which has both nothing yet everything to do with this page which is

THE ARCHAIC HORROR MAILBAG

COMICS OPINION

. . . this is the ALL-GHOUL SPECIAL issue, wherein, if you'll notice, we feature only GHOUL stories . . . if you like this idea drop us a line to suggest OTHER SPECIAL ISSUES . . .

. . . coming soon is THE ALL-VAMPIRE ISSUE . . .miss it not . . .

. . . did you like the weird cover of NIGHTMARE # 14 ? if you did, drop us a line because we have another comic-type cover in the works by the same terrific artist — Vilanova . . . called . THE LUNATIC MUMMY . . . it features a beautiful decaying mummy struggling to 'unwrap' itself . . . if you liked 'DIARY OF AN ABSOLUTE LUNATIC' you'll love 'THE LUNATIC MUMMY' . . .

. . .and speaking of lunatic people . . .watch for the introduction of mood-team newcomer JAUNDICED JANE LYNCH soon . . . this weird gal will be unleashed in her horror spectacular 'THE LUNATIC CLASS OF '64' in an upcoming issue . .

. . EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY has scripted 'THE VAMPYRE' . . .the WEIRDEST horror tale EVER which'll be appearing in THE ALL-VAMPIRE ISSUE, illustrated by PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS . . . miss it not . . . it's an EXCURSION into HORROR . . .

. . . one of our most interesting editorial doings is opening the mail . . . which we receive from all over the world . . . ERIC SHAW writes from INDIANA . . . WAYNE ARMSTRONG from SASKATCHEWAN . . . DAVID CANNER from UTAH . . . MARK EAGLEBURGER from NEW YORK . . . DANNY SIMS from OKLAHOMA . . . SUSAN HIRDSTEN from ARIZONA and TRACY SHEW from NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA . . . it's delightful to get these notes of comment from all over the place . . . shows that people all the WORLD over love ILLUSTRATED HORROR and like

. . . CDMICS OPINION is a new reader feature which appears in every issue of PSYCHO . . . the purpose of which is to give you, the reader, a VOICE to suggest changes and [illegible] to rap about your likes n' dislikes and namely, to PARTICIPATE in COMICS MAKING . . . send your opinion to : COMICS OPINION [illegible] the Archaic Editor — the SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD CORPORATION . . . 18 East 41st Street . . . Rm 1501 . . . New York City . . . N.Y. 10017 . . . we reserve the right to edit your opinion's length, but we will not change or add to any part of your comment . . .

. . . this issue . . . an opinion from a reader and an archaic reply . . .

. . . from JACK MONNINGER of INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA : " . . . some say that comics are an important part of American literature . . . and I agree . . . " " . . . if you gave a high-school class a comic each, you can almost bet they would read it with more interest than they would a Shakespeare or a Drama-Poem or play. So why do adults cut the comics out as a juvenile and filthy art ? I've read many a column by noted M.D.'s and others that say comics are an escape from everyday reality and are a way of relieving pressure ! Now to and this, all I can say is if people who cut them out would just open a comic, read it through for once, then maybe they may realize something they never thought of before. I've learned many things from comics . . . emotion . . . interest in reading . . . and things that just maybe make me respect others. Mainly, a mutual understanding, and if there's not a bit of trust to any of us . . . well . . . "

. . . ARCHAIC EDITORIAL COMMENT . . . the thought is very popular, you know, among comic creators and fans, that, as Jack just wrote, if people would just read a comic through for once, then maybe they might appreciate it . . . unfortunately, the results of such 'test cases' are not optimistic . . .

. . . in the last couple of years, I've given intelligent adults varieties of comics to read . . . good comics [illegible] titles and others . . . and have asked for an opinion based on their reading the magazines and giving them the same attention as any other reading matter . . .

. . . the results are depressing . . .the a healthy over-50% of those first-time-readers said they did actually ENJOY the comic, and said they were SURPRISED at the HIGH LITERACY LEVEL . . . almost none of them said they would bother to buy one . . . and despite the fact that they ENJOYED reading comics, they STILL labelled them rubbish . . another depressing thing to behold is the bookstore dealer or news-stand owner who, during slump times when his store is empty, will read comics and actually become involved to month-to-month continued characters or serials, but who STILL says . . . "I'm enjoying them but I know I'm reading garbage . . . "

. . . of course a lot of older people have a hard time UNDERSTANDING comics . . . because they weren't raised on them they find them awkward and uncomfortable to read . . . their only exposure to comics is newspaper strips, which to these 1970's, are the very bottom level of comics medium — in intelligence — imagination — and art quality . . .

. . . the times they are a'changing the . . . let's hope that the young of today will remember the new-found quality of the medium and give it a measure of respect when they become adults . . . but one fact remains . . . 75% of comic material IS rubbish and juvenile . . . and until that awful percentage is REVERSED by the people who produce comics we aren't going to get any respect . . .

. . . become involved — help us understand your likes n' dislikes by filling in this coupon — the first 5 entries will receive an advance copy of the next issue . . .

being INVOLVED in it . . . THE HORROR-MOOD TEAM reads ALL mail and correspondance that comes in and we ACT upon it to give you EXACTLY the kind of "LOVABLE HORROR TALES' you've come to OEMANO . .

. . AWKWARD AUGUSTINE FUNNELL has now completed chapter 3 of his new continued werewolf series THE MONSTER MONSTER SAGA with his tale MONSTER MONSTER, RISE FROM THY CRYPT, which is now being illustrated by RANCID RICARDO VILLAMONTE . . .

from PAT BOSSIO a note : " . . . I have just been introduced to your megazines by a friendish friend, JOHN HINBY . . . after reading NIGHTMARE # 13 I knew they were my kind of magazines . . . I also enjoy the way you give your readers a chance to get involved . . . I will be getting as many back-issues of your mags as I can . . . "

. . . we look forward to your continued interest . . . and thanks to EVERYBODY for OEMANOING the HORROR-MOOD wherever quality HORROR is sold . . .

. weird rap folk . .

R.I.P. —ARCHAIC AL—

. . the OAL-GHOULS of the MOVIE MACABRE CINEMA are on page 46

My favorite story this issue was:

_____

Here's WHY this was the best story:

_____

_____

_____

name

_____

address

_____

city n' other

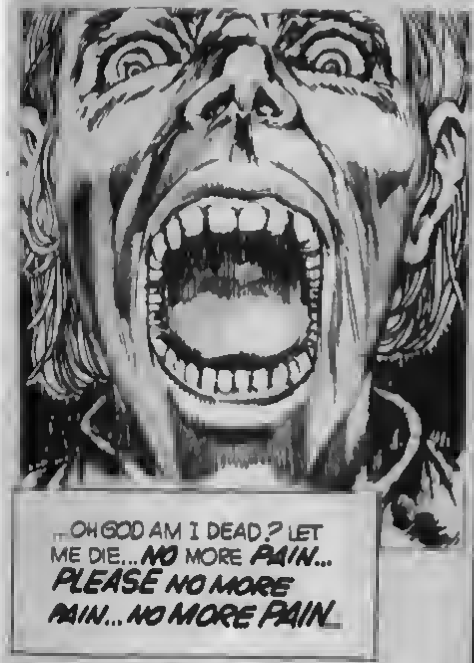
_____

age

_____

. . . PSYCHO # 15 . . .

THE ARCHAIC MAILBAG
THE SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD
18 East 41st Street Rm 1501
New York City, N.Y., 10017



". . . artist Dreadful DELA ROSA has the WEIRDEST conception of horror of all SKYWALD artists," writs many new readers who are getting into the HORROR MOOD . . . the man must be completely out of his head — his mind is definitely STRANGE and somewhat WARPED (thank heavens) to have created such mad things as appeared in "THE STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMS" in SCREAM # 1 . . . writes Delaney Forestal of Sowder, Kansas . . .

. . . you ain't seen nothin' yet . . . look for Dela Rosa's cover story coming up soon — a weird 10 page masterpiece of horror titled: 'THE RATS' . . .

. . . this is GHOULISH GUAL

. . . Ghoulish Gual (alias: JOSE GUAL TUTSAUS) was born in San Quintin de Mediona, a small vinegrowers' village in Spain, on August 21, 1436 . . . which explains his natural 'feeling for Horror,' namely because he actually LIVED through all those European DARK AGES . . .

. . . it also explains why he's so FANTASTIC in his drawings of OLD MEN like in 'I, SLIME' . . . 'A BAG OF FLEAS' and 'THE MAD DOLL MAN' . . . because GUAL is over 500 YEARS OLD HIMSELF ! . . .

. . . we're only kidding of course . . . it was actually only a few years ago that Jose Gual first felt drawn towards art . . . as a boy he was a great admirer of Alex Raymond and Milton Caniff (everybody is ! !) He joined a team of artists in 1960 and illustrated stories for British Girl's magazines . . . then onto love-stories . . . and adventure and terror tales . . . and finally to SKYWALD with the most MACABRE tales you'd ever want to see ! GHOULISH GUAL is a MOOD-TEAM MEMBER with a HELL of a FEARSOME FUTURE — watch for more of his tales appearing in these pages soon . . .

. . . new HORROR-MOOD artist Morbid MARO NAVA has a style which is not unlike the popular current UNDERGROUND COMICS of Jay Lynch, Bob Crumb, Skip Williamson, Gilbert Shelton n' others — inasmuch as it is very UNFETTERED . . . lacking restrictions of tradition — and is totally FREE . . . this new young artist appears in this issue with: . . . "WHEN THE SAD MOON RISES . . . I AM A GHOUL" . . . and we think you'll see what we mean when you look at this weird story . . .

. . . the scene below is from Morbid Maro's "THEY LIVED IN DARKKOS MANSE" soon to be published . . . along with other tales of the macabre such as: Edgar Allan Poe 's: "THE OBLONG BOX" . . . and other POE stories such as "THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER" and "THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH" . . . and a 2-part tale by Archaic Al: "THEM", featuring 'THE NIGHT OF THE LIVING' and 'THE DAY OF THE DEAD' . . . miss em not . . . and stay tuned to PSYCHO, NIGHTMARE and SCREAM for more of Morbid MARO NAVA . . .

...WE INTRODUCE OUR PLAYERS THE FORMER TINA RAFAEL AND HER NEW HUSBAND OF A DAY PETE BREGG... THESE ARE THE TWO WHO DOMINATE THE TALE WE NOW INTRODUCE IN THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR...
WHEN THE BAD MOON RISES I AM A GHOUL!
SO...ARE YOU ENJOYING THE VERY FIRST DAY OF YOUR HONEYMOON MY LOVE?
...IS THAT A COMPLIMENT? ...OR AN INSULT?
...YES PETER... I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO YOU A MILLON YEARS ALREADY...
A TELEGRAM FOR YOU MR. BREGG...
...A COMPLIMENT MY LOVE...
WELL...THEY CAN JUST GO TO HELL!
WHAT IS IT? ...IS SOMETHING WRONG?
YES SOMETHING'S WRONG ALRIGHT! ...THE MAGAZINE I WORK FOR IN NEW YORK...THEY WANT ME TO PUT MY TIME DOWN HERE IN SOUTH AMERICA TO GOOD USE...THEY WANT ME TO FLY TO THE ANDES IN PERU AN TAKE SOME PHOTOGRAPHS FOR A TRAVEL FEATURE...
MARONAVA
WHY THAT'S WONDERFUL PETE!
ON OUR HONEYMOON? WHY? IT'LL RUIN EVERYTHING!
NOT AT ALL... THE ANDES ARE BEAUTIFUL...WE CAN HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME...AND AT YOUR COMPANY'S EXPENSE TOO..
...ON THE FIRST DAY OF THEIR HONEYMOON THE NEWLY MARRIED BREGGS MAKE A DREADFUL ERROR IN JUDGEMENT WHEN THEY FLY FROM BRASILIA TO LIMA... AN ERROR WHICH IS IN FACT OUR TALE...
...AS SO, WITH SUCH A DECEIVING OPENING WE NOW BEGIN THE WHOODUNNIT GHOUL SAGA WHEREIN THINGS ARE NEVER AS THEY SEEM ON THE SURFACE...
WRITTEN BY
ILLUSTRATED BY
MARO MAVA

...NOW WE INTROUCE ANOTHER PLAYER IN THIS WRETCHED WEB OF DECEIT...A BUSH PILOT WHOSE CLAIM TO FAME IN LIFE IS THAT MONEY BURNS A HOLE IN HIS POCKET... AND BOOZE...A HOLE IN HIS CUT...
I WAS TOLD YOU WERE THE BEST BUSH PILOT IN THIS WHOLE GOD-FORSAKEN COUNTRY... BUT...I MUST'VE BEEN GIVEN THE WRONG NAME... YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A DRUNK...
YEH I'M STEIN.. WHADDYO WANT?
I'M NOT SURE THAT I WANT ANYTHING NOW THAT I SEE YOU...
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?
...I AM A BUSH-PILOT... AND THE BEST ONE ABOUT... WHERE DO YOU WANNA GO?...
...INTO THE ANDES...TO TO PHOTOGRAPH THEM...
WHY NOT?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHEN THAT MOON RISES... GHOULS COME OUT TO PLAY!
...NOT A CHANCE!
WHAT KIND OF DRUNKEN GIBBERISH IS THAT?
YOU MUST BE A STRANGER AROUND HERE...YOU DON'T WANT TO BE IN THEM MOUNTAINS COME NIGHT... ...NOSIR... NOT A CHANCE...
...IT AIN'T GIBBERISH... THEM MOUNTAINS IS JUST FULL OF...OF THINGS THAT COME OUT AT NIGHTFALL... HALF-HUMANS... HALF BATS... AWFUL THINGS... NOSIR... I AIN'T GOIN' INTO THEM ANDES AT NIGHT... NOT A CHANCE...
STEIN... I THING YOU'D BETTER LISTEN TO THE MAN'S OFFER... YOU GOT AN UNPAID BILL HERE OF $450... AN' YOU OWE MONEY ALL OVER... YOU'D BETTER MAKE A DENT IN YOUR BILL, STEIN, OR YOUR CUT-OFF
...I'LL GIVE YOU $500 FOR YOUR TALENTS AND THE USE OF A SMALL PONTOON AIRCRAFT...
...I'LL TAKE IT ALRIGHT... BUT ONLY CAUSE I'M DRUNK... WHEN I'M SOBER I'LL REGRET IT I KNOW... THEM MOUNTAINS AT NIGHT IS NO PLACE TO BE...
...YOU'D BETTER TAKE IT STEIN...

...NOW... IT IS THE NEXT MORNING... THE NEAR-SOBER STEIN PILOTS THE SMALL BEAVER AIRCRAFT OVER THE MAGNIFICENT ANDES... BREGG DID NOT REPEAT STEIN'S DRUNKEN WARNINGS TO HIS NEW WIFE... EITHER HE DID NOT WANT TO WORRY HER... OR... OR HE DID NOT WANT TO WARN HER...
OH AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL PETER...
...THEY SURE ARE... NATURE SURE WORKS IN SOME WONDROUS WAY TINA...
...AN' SOME MIGHTY EVIL WAY TOO IF YA ASK ME...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG?
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ENGINE...
WHAT DID HE MEAN PETER?
...NOTHING...
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!
...WE'LL HAVE TO LAND RIGHT AWAY... I THINK... I THINK THE ENGINE IS GONNA CONK OUT!
WHAT'S WRONG? CAN YOU FIGURE IT OUT?
THE BATTERY IS DEAD!
...WELL NO... I... DIDN'T...
WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN THE BATTERY IS DEAD? DIDN'T YOU CHECK IT BEFORE WE LEFT?
YOU STUPID DRUNKEN CREEP... I SHOULD KILL YOU!
NO PETE... NO...
YOU'RE RIGHT TINA... HE'S NOT WORTH IT...
CAN'T WE JUST RADIO FOR HELP PETE?
...NO... THE RADIO WORKS OFF THE BATTERY ...WELL HAVE TO WALK OUR WAY BACK TO CIVILIZATION...

..I KNOW THIS COUNTRY... I CAN GET US OUT...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE GOOD FOR ***SOMETHING*** STEIN...

I'M... I'M ***EXHAUSTED*** PETER ...CAN'T WE... TAKE A ***REST?*** WE'VE BEEN... BEEN WALKING FOR ***HOURS*** AND THE ***SUN***... THE ***SUN*** IS SO ***HOT***...

BREGG... IF WE'RE GONNA GET ***OUT*** OF THIS ***JUNGLE*** WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO ***CLIMB OVER*** THAT THERE ***MOUNTAIN*** AND THAT'S GONNA TAKE ***ALL*** OUR ***ENERGY***—

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS ***JUNGLE*** BEFORE ***NIGHTFALL*** M'AM... GOTTA GET INTO THEM ***MOUNTAINS***... THEM MOUNTAINS IS ***DANGEROUS ENOUGH***... BUT THIS HERE ***JUNGLE*** AT NIGHT IS ***SUICIDE***...

..THE TRIO WALKED HALF WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN BEFORE THE ***SUN*** FELL BEHIND THE JUNGLE TREE TOPS... THEY WALKED HALF WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN BEFORE THEY STOPPED TO REST... AND WHEN THEY ***DID***, THEIR ***BONES ACHED*** SO MUCH IT FELT LIKE THEY WERE ***STILL CLIMBING***...

OH ***GOD*** PETE... I'M SO TIRED I COULD SLEEP INTO ***NEXT WEEK***...

...JUST TILL THE ***MORNING*** TINA... WE HAVE TO GET AN ***EARLY START***...

LOOK... LOOK UP AT THE ***MOON***...

—WHAT IS ***IT*** STEIN?... A HERD OF... OF ***BATS?*** I HEARD THIS COUNTRY HAS MANY... MANY ***VAMPIRE BATS***...

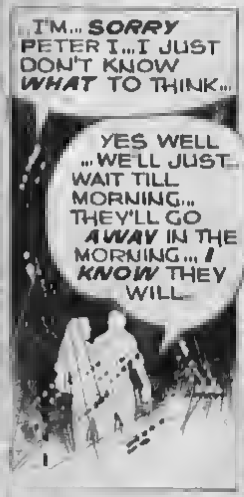
...THEY AIN'T JUST ***ORDINARY*** VAMPIRE BATS...

THEY'RE GHOUL-BATS...
...A CAVE... GET INTO THAT CAVE...
...C'MON TINA... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE...
MY GOD
... CAN'T BEAT THEM OFF FOREVER ... WE GOTTA ...GOTTA ... HIDE SOMEWHERE...
...THEY LOOK... THEY LOOK ALMOST HUMAN...
...THEY... ALMOST ARE...

THEY'RE NOT LEAVING PETE...
NO... THEY AREN'T ...BUT WE'RE SAFE AS LONG AS WE HIDE IN HERE... I CAN BEAT THEM OFF IF THEY TRY TO ENTER...
...HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE IT...
...IT'S GOT MY NECK...
AAAAAGOD...
SHUKKK...
WAKKK

...I AIN'T GONNA JUST WAIT HERE LIKE A SITTIN' DUCK...
...THIS'S A BIG CAVE... I'M GOIN' DEEPER INSIDE...

WHAT DOES HE MEAN PETER?... YOU KNEW ABOUT THESE THINGS BUT ...BUT YOU DIDN'T TELL ME?...
WELL I...I THOUGHT IT WASN'T IMPORTANT ...I REALLY DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM...
DO YOU BELIEVE HIM NOW?


...I'M... SORRY PETER I...I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK...
YES WELL ...WE'LL JUST WAIT TILL MORNING... THEY'LL GO AWAY IN THE MORNING... I KNOW THEY WILL...

...THE GHOUL-BATS HOVERED AT THE EDGE OF THE CAVE ALL THE NIGHT... OCCASIONALLY ONE OF THEM WOULD VENTURE INSIDE TO ATTACK... BUT PETER BREGG SOMEHOW ALWAYS MANGED TO BEAT THEM OFF...

...IN THE MORNING TINA AWOKE TO THE SUN IN HER EYES...SHE WAS IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS... HE HAD NOT SLEPT...THO HE WAS HALF-DEAD FROM EXHAUSTION HE...HAD NOT SLEPT...

...THEN THE GHOUL-THING CAME AT THEM FROM INSIDE THE CAVE...
GOOD LORD!

WAUKK!!
YAHKK!

...IT'S DEAD...
LOOK HERE...

STEIN DEAD...
...YES... HE'S DEAD...

...I'M GLAD STEIN IS DEAD...
...YES... SO AM I...

...I'M GLAD STEIN IS DEAD... HE WAS A FOOL... HE GOT US INTO THIS MESS...
...YES... HE DID...
...TINA...WHY ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT HIM LIKE ...LIKE THAT...
... I'M SORRY PETER ...I... DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW...BUT...I CAN'T HELP MYSELF ...THE SIGHT OF HIS BLOOD IS... IS TOO MUCH FOR ME TO RESIST...
...HIS BLOOD?
...TOO MUCH...
...FOR ME TO RESIST...
... IT IS A CURSE PETER...A BLOODLUST CURSE... IT IS A VOLUNTARY LUST... ONE I AM USUALLY ABLE TO REJECT...
...BUT...IT'S BEEN TOO LONG PETER TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN AWAY FROM MY HOME HERE IN THESE MOUNTAINS...
...I CAN'T FIGHT THE LUST... I CAN'T LET ... I JUST CAN'T LET HIS BLOOD GO TO WASTE NOW...CAN I PETER...?
...OH LORD...
... DON'T WORRY PETER...NOW THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT ME I CAN... PROTECT YOU... I WON'T LET THEM GET YOU... ...EXCUSE ME FOR JUST A MOMENT PETER ...WILL YOU?

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THE LAST ***PASSENGER TRIP*** OF THE S.S. CAPTAIN COOK WAS IN ***1955*** FROM THE PORT OF ***GREENOCK*** IN SCOTLAND TO ***MONTREAL,*** CANADA... WHERE SHE WAS DOCKED AND THEN ***DUMPED*** -- PERHAPS TO BE TORN APART AS ***SCRAP-IRON*** -- OR ***PERHAPS*** DESTINED TO SAIL THE SEAS ***AGAIN*** AS A SLOW-MOVING ***CARGO-TRAMP*** FOLLOWING COASTLINES ONE-BY-ONE 'TILL ITS HULL ***CRUMBLES*** AND SHE IS FINALLY LEFT TO DIE ALONE... ***BUT,*** AH -- BUT IN ***1955*** ON THIS ***LAST*** VOYAGE, ***LAUGHTER*** TORE HER ***BALLROOM, DANCING*** MOPPED HER DECKS EMMINENTLY ***SPOTLESS;*** FOR ***HAPPINESS*** WAS THE ***PROPRIETOR*** OF THIS GOOD SHIP ON ITS ***FINAL VOYAGE*** ACROSS THE ***ATLANTIC...***

...UNTIL THE ***FIRST NIGHT*** OUT OF THE IRISH SEA... WHEN SOMETHING ***BLACK*** AND ***HUGE*** AND ***UGLY*** STALKED ITS ***DECKS... UNKNOWN.. UNNAMED.***

WRITTEN BY
GOWIE ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
FERRAN SOSTRES

...SOMETHING THAT KNEW HOW TO ***KILL...***

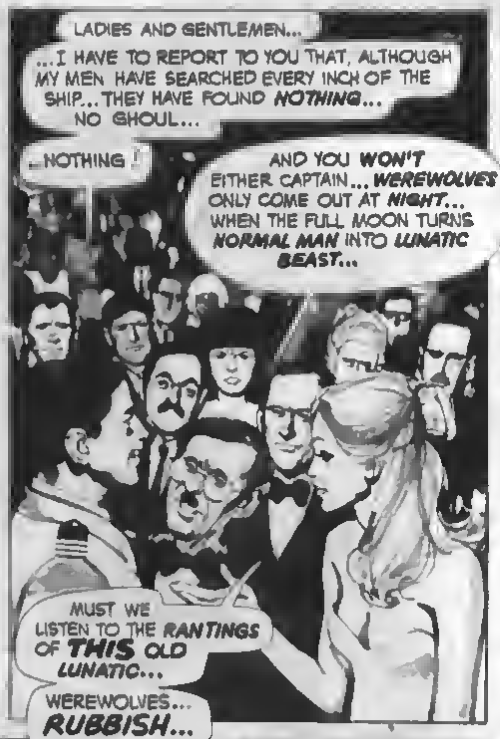
FERRAN SOSTRES

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE... OF...

THE GHOUL

...THEN THE LAUGHTER AND DANCING IS SUDDENLY QUIETED AND THE MERRIMENT IS TURNED TO A FRIGHTENING HUSH AT THE MACABRE MENTION OF...
...A... A GHOUL...
...MY GOD... ON THE SHIP... A GHOUL...
HE'S DEAD CAPTAIN... ...HIS NECK... LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN CHEWED BY SOME KIND OF ANIMAL...
AN ANIMAL? IMPOSSIBLE... THERE'S NO ANIMAL ABOARD THIS SHIP
...THEN...
...THEN IT'S A HUMAN ANIMAL!
CAPTAIN... I THINK AN EXPLANATION IS IN ORDER.
I THINK SO TOO MADAME... UNFORTUNATELY... I KNOW AS MUCH AS YOU DO... HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT... ABOUT A GHOUL... THAT SEEMS MOST UNREASONABLE... AND YET...
NOT SO UNREASONABLE CAPTAIN... ...I AM FROM RUMANIA... IN MY COUNTRY THERE ARE MANY SUCH TALES OF WEREWOLVES WHO COME TO KILL...
...IN SEARCH OF BLOOD... THEY ARE HUMAN... AND AS REAL AS YOU AND I...
WHAT RUBBISH... WEREWOLVES... IT'S A COMMON GARDEN-VARIETY PSYCHO... IN LONDON THERE'S ONE ON EVERY STREET-CORNER... EVER HEAR OF JACK THE RIPPER...?
...THIS MURDER WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A HOMICIDAL ATTACK BY A LUNATIC... MAYBE SOMEONE WHO THINKS HE'S A WEREWOLF...
...I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT WEREWOLVES AND PSYCHO CASES... BUT I DO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT VAMPIRISM... AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A CLASSICAL CASE TO ME...
... I'M A DOCTOR... IN PARIS... I KNOW THAT VAMPIRISM AND ITS INITIATES LIVE THE WORLD OVER... I ASSURE YOU -- THIS DEATH IS ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES I'VE EVER SEEN...
...LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... PLEASE...
...PLEASE. LET US NOT JUMP TO HASTY CONCLUSIONS...
A HUMAN ANIMAL IT MUST BE... BUT WEREWOLVES AND GHOULS AND VAMPIRES AND... AND PSYCHO CASES ...ARE PHENOMENA OF LAND... NOT SEA...
... WE ARE 300 MILES FROM THE NEAREST COASTLINE... SO LET US BE RATIONAL... WE WILL FIRST CONDUCT A SEARCH... AND THEN IF NOTHING TURNS UP -- WHICH I DOUBT -- WE WILL TALK FURTHER...

...NOW AS HIS MEN SCOUR THE SHIP IN AN ORDERED SEARCH FOR THE UNKNOWN REPORTED 'GHOUL' HE CURSES -- FROM HELL TO HIGH WATER -- ANGRILY CURSES THE IDIOT DYING CREW-MEMBER WHO BLURTED OUT HIS STORY TO THE ENTIRE COMPLIMENT OF PASSENSERS... FOR NO-MATTER WHAT MADNESS STALKS THE DECKS IT ISN'T HALF SO BAD AS A PANIC ABOARD SHIP...



COMES THE NIGHT AND THE DECKS ARE EMPTY SAVE SEVERAL CREWMEMBERS WARILY WALKING TWO BY TWO, WELL-ARMED AND EVER-FLICKING THEIR TOCHES IN DARK CORNERS...
...BUT IT IS NOT TILL THE DAWN THAT TWO POWERFUL ARMS GRAB FROM BEHIND... RIP OUT HUMAN THROATS WITH A SINGLE MIGHTY SLASH OF EACH WRIST...
...THEN IT IS ONLY MOMENTS TILL THE THING DESCENDS INTO THE NEAREST GATHERING OF MERE MORTALS AND FLINGS BACK ITS MONSTROUS HEAD TO BELLOW ITS PITIFUL CRY OF UTTER ATTACK...
...AND NOW LEAPS... BOUNDS... FLIES THROUGH THE SHRIEKING AIR AT THE PARALIZED MEN...
... AND HORRIBLY RIPS...
...AND SHOCKINGLY KILLS...
...AND RUTHESSLY SPARES NO-ONE...
RRRAAAARR RAAAUUGGHHH
...THEN LEAVES WITH HUMAN BLOOD MATTING DEATH-BLEACHED HIDE... TO RETURN TO SOMEWHERE-ELSE TO SATISFY ITS OTHER LIFE-NEED... SLEEP...

...WHILE THE HUMANS ABOARD THIS VICTIMIZED VESSEL AWAKE WITH THE TASTE OF HORROR IN THEIR MOUTHS...

...ALRIGHT NOT A WORD...

...IF ONE WORD OF THIS GETS OUT THE PASSENGERS WILL PANIC...

THERE WILL BE NO CONTROLLING THEM... THE FIGHTING AMONGST THEMSELVES WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO CONTROL...

WE MUST SOLVE THIS... WE CANNOT INVOLVE THE PASSENGERS...

CAPTAIN I... EEEEAAATYYAAA!

IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN... IT'S ATTACKED AGAIN... KILLED 5 MEN...

I KNEW THEY COULDN'T BRUSH IT OFF SO EASILY...

OH MY GOD... A LUNATIC... ANOTHER JACK THE RIPPER...

PLEASE... PLEASE REMAIN CALM...

CALM? CALM? HOW CAN ANY SANE PERSON ABOARD THIS SHIP REMAIN CALM WHEN THE PERSON STANDING NEXT TO HIM MIGHT BE A KILLER...

OH, NOW REALLY... THINGS AREN'T SO .....

SHE'S RIGHT... SHE'S RIGHT...

IT'S ATTACKED TWICE... GOD KNOWS WHO IT'LL BE NEXT...

IT APPEARS I HAVE NO CHOICE...

WE ARE STILL THREE DAYS OUT OF MONTREAL... AND I HAVE YOUR LIVES TO CONSIDER...

...IT DOES APPEAR THAT THE KILLER IS ONE OF US... IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATLANTIC IT CAN BE NO-ONE ELSE... I ORDER YOU TO REMAIN IN YOUR CABINS UNTIL WE REACH PORT...

... IN THE MEANTIME REST ASSURED THAT ALL MY MEN WILL BE ARMED AND WILL BE PATROLLING THE DECKS BOTH NIGHT AND DAY...

BULLETS CANNOT KILL VAMPIRES AS EASILY AS THEY CAN KILL MERE MEN MY CAPTAIN...

DAMN IT... YOU REALLY MUST PUT IN YOUR TWO CENTS WORTH!... I WILL HAVE NO FURTHER GROUP THEORIZING ABOUT THE NATURE OF THIS FIEND...

IT'S PROBABLY AN ORDINARY MAN GONE MAD...

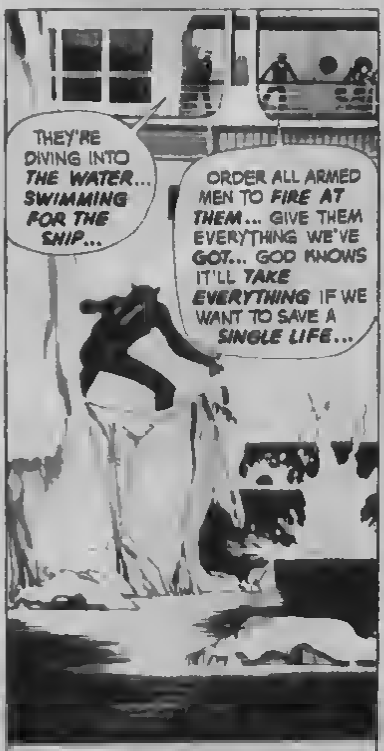
... WITH THE STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MEN? WITH CLAWS FOR FINGERNAILS AND FANGS FOR TEETH?

... YOU ARE WRONG ABOUT THE NATURE OF THE KILLER CAPTAIN.. BUT HAVE NO FEAR... WE WILL REMAIN BELOW DECK... BEHIND LOCKED DOORS -- BECAUSE WE DISTRUST EVERY MAN ABOARD THIS SHIP CAPTAIN..

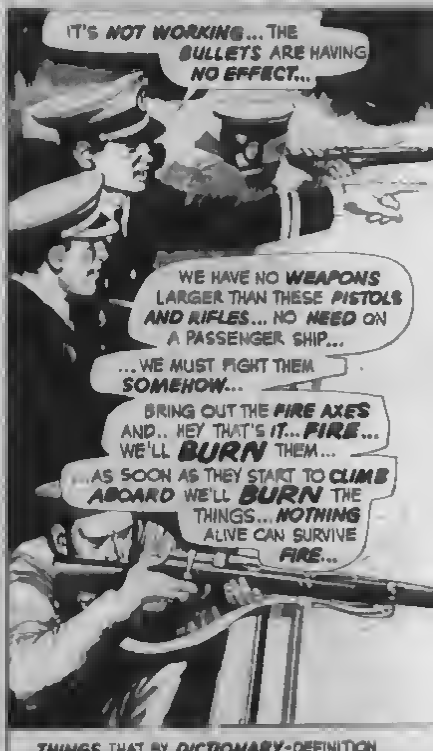
... EVEN YOU!

FOOLS! WHIMPERING... WHINING ... FOOLS... NOTHING BETTER ON THEIR MINDS THAN THEIR OWN CHILDISH INTERESTS...
...EVERYBODY THINKS HE'S AN EXPERT! WELL I ADMIT I'M NO EXPERT! I DUNNO WHAT GHOUL IS STALKING THESE DECKS OF MINE...
CAPTAIN... WE CAN'T SEE A THING IN THIS FOG... THE THING COULD BE WALKING AROUND BESIDE US AS BLATANT AS SATAN AND WE WOULDN'T KNOW IT...
I KNOW... JUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN...
...KEEP THE LOWER AREAS WELL-PATROLLED... AND TRAVEL IN GROUPS OF FIVE...
...IN THE AFTERNOON THE FOG BEGAN TO LIFT...
ICEBERGS...
STOP ALL ENGINES...
HOW THE HELL IS IT POSSIBLE... WE'RE COMPELETLY SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS...
... WHY DIDN'T WE HIT ANY IN THE FOG?
CAPTAIN LOOK... THAT ONE DIRECTLY IN FRONT... IT'S MOVING...
GOOD GOD... LOOK AT THE REASON!
IT'S THE GHOUL... LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT...
...NO WONDER WE COULDN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF IT ABOARD SHIP... IT WASN'T ABOARD SHIP.. IT CAME OUT OF THE ATLANTIC!

THEY CALL THEM *THINGS*...



AND *THINGS* THEY *ARE*...



...*THINGS* THAT BY *DICTIONARY*-DEFINITION ARE CALLED *GHOULS*...

... *GHOULS FROM OUT THE ATLANTIC*...

...AND THAT FACT IS ***UNFORTUNATE*** -- FOR FIRE AND WATER DON'T ***MIX***... ***FIRE*** HAS NO ***EFFECT*** ON ***WATER***...

...AND ***HUMANS*** HAVE NO ***EFFECT*** ON ***GHOULS***...

...BUT ***GHOULS*** HAVE A CERTAIN ***DEADLY EFFECT*** ON ***HUMANS***...

RRRAAARRR

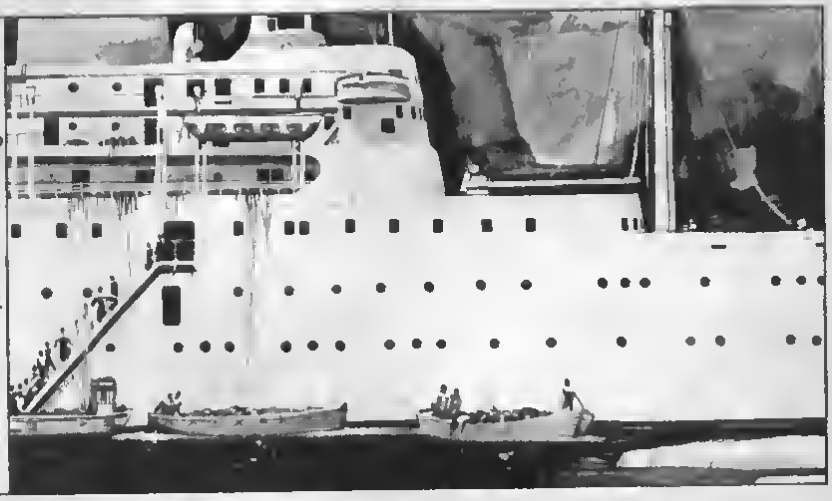
RRRAAARRAAUGGHARRR

RRAARRAAUUUHARR

...AS WE SAID... THIS WAS THE LAST PASSENGER VOYAGE OF THE S.S. CAPTAIN COOK... ***STRANGE*** THAT A ***BRAND NEW SPANKING-FRESH*** PASSENGER CRUISER ONLY ***ONE TRIP*** OFF DRY DOCK SHOULD BE SCRAPPED SO ***YOUNG***...

... BUT WHEN THE ***LIFELESS HULK*** OF DEAD SHIP WAS FOUND WANDERING OFF THE COAST OF ***ICELAND***, WITH ITS ***ENTIRE CREW AND PASSENGER LIST*** LYING LITTERED IN ***SHREDS*** ABOUT ITS DECKS .. NO SANE PLEASURE-SEEKING OCEAN VOYAGER WOULD TRAVEL HER ***EVER AGAIN***...

... AND SO ***NOW*** SHE IS ***WHO-KNOWS-WHERE***...



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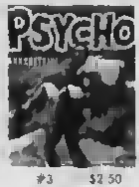
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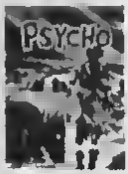
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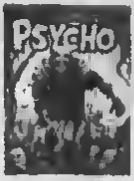
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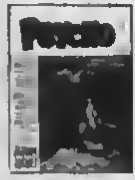
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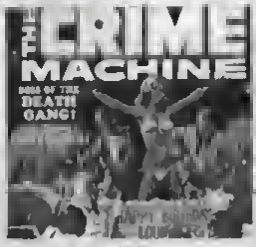

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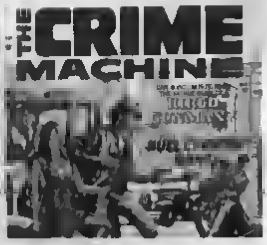

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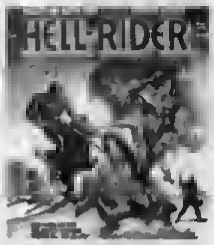

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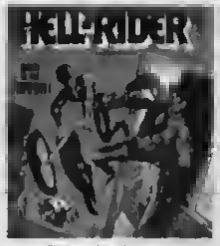

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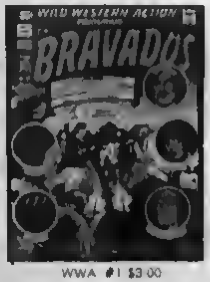

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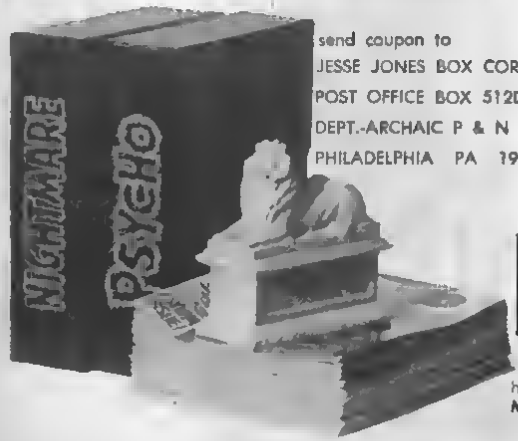

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THE HOUSE OF DEMONS!

EVENING BURNS THE SKY TO GRAY ASH AS VINCENT DE MAINE AND HIS WIFE ARRIVE AT ISOLATED GOTHIC DE MAINE HOUSE! THEY HAVE TRAVERSED HUNDREDS OF MILES TO GET HERE. PAUSING ONLY BRIEFLY IN A NEARBY VILLAGE FOR SOME DINNER. HEARING THERE THE OLD WIVES' TALES OF SOME OLD WIVES' SO DE MAINE HOUSE WAS BUILT OVER UNHOLY, UNHALLOWED GROUND! SO ALL WHO DWELT WITHIN WERE EITHER MONSTERS OR THEIR VICTIMS!! DRIVEL! ALL DRIVEL!

VINCENT, YOUR UNCLE'S MANSION IS OUT OF POE! HE'S EITHER A SENILE OLD RECLUSE OR TRULY SOME TYPE OF MONSTER! NO WONDER THE VILLAGERS CALL IT-- DEMON HOUSE!

HE IS A SENILE OLD RECLUSE, PLUS AN INVALID TO BOOT WITH MONEY! AND I HOPE TO GET IT WHEN HE IS DEAD AND BURIED, HOPEFULLY SOON!

NOW SHUT UP, AND GIVE MY ACHING EARS A REST!

SINCLAIR DE MAINE IS A GHOSTLY LITTLE MAN, WITH AN ICY STARE THAT CONDEMNS HUMAN MOVEMENT AS A BLASPHEMY IN HIS SPACIOUS BUT TOMB-LIKE BEDROOM! HIS VISITORS STEP HESITANTLY THROUGH THE DRAB-COLORED ROOM, SQUINTING AT THE DIM LIGHTING THAT ORIGINATES FROM NOWHERE!

THEY'VE ARRIVED, MR. DE MAINE! I SUSPECTED YOU WISHED TO SEE THEM IMMEDIATELY!

THANK YOU, CHRISTINE! YOU MAY LEAVE NOW! I WISH TO SPEAK PRIVATELY WITH MY NEPHEW AND HIS WIFE!

MELANIE SHIVERS! HER HAND SEEKS, THEN GRASPS HER HUSBAND'S! FOR THERE IS SOMETHING EVIL HERE PERVADING THE ROOM AND EVERYTHING IN IT!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS, VINCENT! YOUR COMING TO INQUIRE ABOUT MY HEALTH! YOU KNOW I'M DYING! HAVE YOU COME TO LEARN HOW MUCH SPACE YOU RATE IN MY WILL? HOW MUCH OF MY ESTATE IS YOURS?

YOU NEVER SHOWED ANY COMPASSION TOWARD ME BEFORE! AFTER YOUR PARENTS DIED IN AN ACCIDENT YOU BECAME WILD AND UNRESTRAINED! YOU WASTED THEIR SAVINGS THROUGH GAMBLING!

YOU DO ME AN INJUSTICE UNCLE! CAN'T YOU COMPREHEND CHANGES IN HUMAN NATURE!

I'VE TOLD MELANIE ABOUT MY PAST! MELANIE, WHOSE LOVE AND DEVOTION HAVE SHOWN ME MY RESPONSIBILITIES! TO MAKE MY OWN WAY IN LIFE! TO CARE FOR OTHERS!

YOUR CONCERN FOR YOUR LAST LIVING RELATIVE IS SURPRISING! YET PERHAPS YOU HAVE MENDED YOUR WAYS! I CANNOT TURN AWAY A MAN WHO MAY ACTUALLY COME IN GOOD FAITH!

YOU AND YOUR WIFE MAY TAKE SHELTER IN MY HOUSE FOR TONIGHT! TOMORROW WELL, WE SHALL SEE!

CHRISTINE WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR ROOM!

G'NIGHT! AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY!

VINCENT AND WIFE ARE *EAGER* TO LEAVE SINCLAIR'S *EERIE ROOM!* THEY MOVE INTO THE UNLIT, COAL-BLACK HALLWAY, *UNKOWING* OF THE *STRANGER* WHO SECRETLY *INSPECTS THEM.*

CHRISTINE! WHERE *IS* THAT NURSE?

I'VE BEEN *LUCKY* SO FAR! ENTERING DE MAINE HOUSE *WITHOUT BEING SEEN!*

THAT MUST BE *VINCENT DE MAINE* AND HIS *WIFE!* SO THEY ARE STILL *ALIVE!* I'LL TRY TO *SAVE THEM,* BUT THERE'S *SOMETHING* I MUST CHECK OUT *FIRST!*

HERE I AM, MR. DE MAINE! THIS IS THE *GUEST ROOM,* WHERE YOU WILL STAY FOR THE *NIGHT,* AND MAYBE *MUCH LONGER!*

YOU'RE *TOO KIND!* CHRISTINE, I *INSIST* YOU CALL ME VINCENT! ALL MY *FRIENDS* DO, AND I WANT YOU TO *TREAT* ME AS SUCH!

WHATEVER YOU SAY-- *VINCENT!*

WE RE IN, MELANIE! A FEW WEEKS OF *CODDLING* THAT INVALID AND HE'LL FEEL *INDEBTED* TO US! IF I'M NOT IN HIS WILL *AL READY,* I SOON *WILL BE!*

I JUST *NOTICED!* THERE ARE *NO MIRRORS* IN THIS ROOM! HOW'S A GIRL SUPPOSED TO *DO HER HAIR?*

I ALSO CAUGHT THE *PLAY* YOU MADE FOR THAT *NURSE!* IS SHE TO BE *ANOTHER* OF YOUR *BRIEF CONQUESTS?*

WILL YOU *SHUT YOUR MOUTH!* I AM *FED UP* WITH YOUR *PETTY* JEALOUSIES!

YOU'VE BEEN *CHEATING ON ME* FOR *YEARS!* DON'T YOU DARE *DENY IT!* ONCE I THOUGHT YOU WERE A *DECENT BUSINESSMAN* WHO *LOVED ME!* THE ONLY THING THAT'S KEPT ME FROM *LEAVING YOU* IS---

IS YOUR *GREED!* DON'T *PREACH* TO ME. YOU *KNOW* YOU MARRIED ME ONLY FOR MY *SUPPOSED WEALTH! HAH!* HOW *DISMAYED* YOU WERE TO DISCOVER I HAD *SQUANDERED* IT ALL!

YOU'RE HOPING THIS *RUSE OF MINE* WILL SUCCEED JUST AS MUCH AS *I AM!* YOU JUST *CAN'T WAIT* TO GET YOUR GREEDY LITTLE PAWS ON MY UNCLE'S *ESTATE!*

MEANWHILE, A CERTAIN **STRANGER** HAS BEEN SEARCHING DOWNSTAIRS, IN THE MANSION'S LARGE **KITCHEN!**

FOOTFALLS! SOMEONE COMES!

IT IS THE NURSE! CHRISTINE!

THE LOVELY NURSE'S FACE IS **CONTORTED** AS WITH **GREEDY, LUSTFUL HUNGER!** HER LITHE BODY **FLOWS** TO A SMALL PANTRY, AND **ENTERS!** SLIM FINGERS WORK A HIDDEN **CATCH**, AND A SECTION OF SHELF AND WALL **SLIDES AWAY!**

WHY, THERE'S A MINIATURE **SECRET PANEL** OF SOME SORT IN THERE. BUT WHAT'S KEPT **INSIDE?**

SHE'S REMOVING A **DRIPPING OBJECT** WRAPPED IN **PAPER** FROM THE PANEL! IT SEEMS TO BE **MEAT!**

IT PROBABLY COMES FROM AN INSULATED **FOOD LOCKER** STOCKED WITH CHUNKS OF **ICE!** BUT WHY SO **SECRET** ABOUT---

THEN THE GIRL **UNWRAPS** THE SOFT, MOIST PACKAGE, HER EYES **FEASTING UPON** WHAT SHE HAS **SELECTED!**

OH, MY LORD!!

A **SHRILL, MOMENTARY SHRIEK** INTERRUPTS THE **SILENCE** OF THE MACABRE SCENE!

YAAAAAAA

THIS IS **MADNESS!** I'VE GOT TO MAKE **MY MOVE---**

THAT **SCREAM!** IT CAME FROM **THE CELLAR!**

VINCE! THAT WAS A SCREAM! I'M SURE OF IT!
NO KIDDING! I COULDN'T TELL WHERE IT CAME FROM, BUT I'LL LOOK DOWNSTAIRS! YOU STAY UP THERE AND WATCH OVER OUR INVESTMENT! SEE IF HE HEARD ANYTHING.

WONDER WHAT THAT SCREAM WAS! DAMN! THESE ROOMS ARE SO BLASTED DARK! I NEVER TOLD MELANIE, BUT EVER SINCE CHILDHOOD I'VE HAD A FEAR OF GHOSTS! AND THIS SPOOKY PLACE REALLY SETS IT OFF!
SAY! WHO'S THERE?

IT'S ME, MR. DE MAINE! THE CRY OF A FOREST BIRD WOKE ME UP, SO I CAME DOWN FOR A -- MIDNIGHT SNACK!
SO THAT'S WHAT THAT SHRIEK WAS! I ACTED LIKE A KID! WAS AFRAID I'D HAVE TO ROUT GHOSTS DOWN HERE!
GUESS MY "CRUSADE" WAS WASTED! THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT! I TOLD YOU, CHRISTINE, I LIKE ALL MY FRIENDS TO CALL ME VINCENT!

VINCENT RECOVERS HIS CONFIDENCE! THE SHADOWY, NIGHT-SHROUDED HOUSE IS NO LONGER ALIEN! NOR IS THE WARM, LIGHTLY-CLOTHED FEMALE FORM JUST IN HIS REACH! HE REFLECTS HOW RIGHT MELANIE WAS ABOUT HIS BEING FAITHFUL TO HER!
SO YOU'RE A VERY RICH MAN! SINCLAIR THINKS YOU ARE NEARLY BROKE! THAT YOU CRAVE YOUR INHERITANCE! THAT YOU ARE WAITING FOR HIM TO DIE!
THAT IS NOT TRUE! I CAME ONLY OUT OF CONSCIENCE! I'VE NEGLECTED THE POOR SOUL FOR YEARS!
NO, I HAVE MANY IMPORTANT BUSINESS DEALS IN THE OFFING, TO ADD TO MY SIZABLE SAVINGS ACCOUNTS! BELIEVE ME, FEW HAVE THE MONEY, AND THE INFLUENCE, AND THE POWER.. OF VINCENT DE MAINE!

YOU COULD GAIN QUITE A FORTUNE BY JOINING MY ORGANIZATION! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME? AS, SHALL WE SAY, A TRAVELING SECRETARY?

YOU'RE A CLEVER GIRL! TOO CLEVER TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE NURSING INVALIDS LIKE MY UNCLE! BLESS HIM!

YOU ARE EXTREMELY PERSUASIVE, BUT WHAT WOULD YOUR WIFE THINK OF SUCH AN ARRANGEMENT?

MELANIE? SHE'S TOO DEPENDENT ON ME AND MY INCOME TO MAKE WAVES! AND OF COURSE YOU REALIZE THAT DIVORCE IS UNHEARD OF IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

DO YOU HAVE ANYWHERE WE CAN DISCUSS THIS ALONE?

YOUR WIFE MIGHT COME LOOKING FOR YOU IN ONLY MINUTES!

NEVER! I TOLD HER TO WATCH OVER UNCLE, AND THAT IS WHERE SHE'LL STAY!

MEANWHILE, MELANIE ENTERS SINCLAIR'S ROOM.

UNCLE SINCLAIR? ARE YOU ALL -- OH! HE'S GONE!

BUT THE MAN IS AN INVALID! HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY--!

MELANIE IS PUZZLED AS SHE VENTURES INTO THE DESERTED BEDROOM, HER IMAGINATION FORMING ODD GROTESQUE DEMONS IN EVERY SHADOWED CORNER! SUDDENLY--!

W--WHA--? THE WALL'S OPENING!

A SECRET PANEL! SO OVERUSED THAT IT BECAME LOOSE! AND IN THE PASSAGE BEYOND A FLIGHT OF STEPS LEADING DOWN TO SOME UNSEEN VOID!

I'M ALMOST FAINT WITH FRIGHT, BUT VINCE'S UNCLE MAY HAVE GONE DOWN THERE. I MUST SEE WHAT IS AT THE BOTTOM!

WORDLESSLY, VINCENT DE MAINE HAS FOLLOWED THE GLIDING FIGURE OF THE NURSE INTO THE LOWER LEVELS OF THE OLD MANSION! TORCHES GUIDE THEIR WAY DOWN HARSH, GRANITE-CARVED STAIRS, AND BEFORE THEM IS AN OCEAN OF ANTIQUES!

THIS IS MY IDEA OF A COSY LITTLE SPOT, BUT AT LEAST IT'S PRIVATE! WE CAN CONCLUDE OUR CONVERSATION!

I LOVE THIS OLD CELLAR! THOUGH YOU MIGHT FIND IT DAMP AND UNFRIENDLY, I SEE IT AS HOLDING THE WARMTH OF LIFE ITSELF!

VINCENT EMBRACES HER! FINDS THE GIRL'S EYES SOFT... SENSUAL IN HER UNMARRED FACE!

A PECULIAR POINT OF VIEW! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER! ALL THAT IS IMPORTANT TO ME IS THE VISION OF YOU! BOILING MY BLOOD! PLAYING HAVOC WITH MY THOUGHTS! MY BRAIN!

ALL THE WOMEN I'VE EVER KNOWN ARE AS NOTHING BESIDE YOU!

AHH! I CAN TELL HOW YOU HUNGER FOR ME! ALMOST AS IF YOU WERE A GHOUL! DO YOU KNOW WHAT A GHOUL IS, MY LOVER?

THIS IS A MOST INOPPORTUNE TIME TO MENTION CHILDRENS' FANTASIES!

A GHOUL, LOVER, IS NOT A SUPERNATURAL BEING! HE IS VICTIM OF A RARE DISEASE WHICH EATS AWAY AT THE VERY CELLS OF HIS BODY! UNTIL HE FINALLY BECOMES A ROTTING, PUTRESCENT, CORPSE!

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY THE AFFLICTED MAY SAVE HIMSELF! HE MUST CONSTANTLY REPLACE HIS DISEASED FLESH WITH NEW FLESH! TAKEN INTO HIS BODY AS FOOD!

THE GERMS REACT STRANGELY TO THIS! NOT ONLY ARE THE DAMAGED CELLS REBUILT BUT NEW ONES GROW! HE BECOMES YOUNGER, MORE INTELLIGENT, MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN BEFORE!

YES, BUT THE PRICE IS OBVIOUSLY HAVING TO DEVOUR OTHER HUMAN BEINGS FOREVER! A GRUESOME IMAGINING!

BUT ENOUGH OF THAT GARBAGE! I CAME HERE TO TALK ABOUT US!

I'M AFRAID THAT "US" MUST END BEFORE IT BEGINS! AT LEAST, FOR YOU IT SHALL!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY-- WAIT! SOMEONE IS AT MY BACK!
YES, FOOL! AND CAN YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE? THANK YOU CHRISTINE, FOR BRINGING ME MY EVENING MEAL!
THAT VOICE! GOOD LORD! YOU CAN'T BE---!

VINCENT LEARNS STARK TERROR, DISBELIEF, AS THE UNSEEN SPEAKER MOVES INTO THE FLICKERING TORCHLIGHT! THE APPARITION'S FACE IS IMPOSSIBLY FAMILIAR, AND THE FRAME IS NOT WEAK AND AGED, BUT STRONG! AND THIS BODY IS A TENSED, MOCKING PANTHER!
I AM A HUNTER OF SORTS, NEPHEW! I HUNT FOR FOOD! SUSTENANCE! AND YOU ARE MY PREY!
NO! NO! YOU CAN'T BE MY UNCLE! HE'S OLD! OLD AND SICK!

I AM PLEASED THAT THE SHOUTING OF MY APPETIZER --- THAT VILLAGER LYING OVER THERE-- DID NOT FRIGHTEN YOU AWAY! IT WAS NE WHO REJUVENATED ME THUS!
FOR, DEAR CHRISTINE AND I ARE GHOULS! AND YOU ARE OUR MAIN COURSE!
YAAAA AAHHH!!

VINCENT LUNGES FOR THE STAIRS, NOT COUNTING ON THE SUPERHUMAN SPEED OF HIS UNCLE!
LET ME GO! AAAAA-AGGHHH!!!

HOW FORTUNATE I WAS TO LOCATE A GIRL WHO HAS THE SAME RARE DISEASE AS MYSELF!
I SEE YOU HAD THE FORESIGHT TO FETCH THE CLEAVER! EXCELLENT! USE IT NOW! WE HAVE NO TIME TO BE SANITARY!

VINCENT IS ALMOST *UNCONSCIOUS* IN SINCLAIR'S *CHOKING GRASP!* CHRISTINE'S *EYES* SPARKLE WITH MURDEROUS *DELIGHT* AS SHE LOWERS THE HUGE CLEAVER LIKE A *GUILLOTINE BLADE!* AT THE *SAME MOMENT* A LOOSE PANEL OF WALL SWINGS *OUTWARD!*

VINCENT! AAAIEEEE!!

IT IS *HIS WIFE! KILL HER!* THEN WE SHALL HAVE *TWICE* AS MUCH *FRESH MEAT* FOR THE *ICE LOCKER!*

NO! PLEASE! NOOO!!

MELANIE ONLY CAPTURES A *GLANCE* OF THE HURTLING *STRANGER* WHO FLIES ACROSS THE CELLAR, PUSHING THE *FEMALE GHOUL* OFF BALANCE!

UNNGH!

QUICK, MRS. DE MAINE! GET *BACK INTO* THE PASSAGE!

DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE! I KNOW WHO THAT MAN IS!

THEY'VE *KILLED VINCE!* AND THEY SEEM TO KNOW *YOU! WHO?*

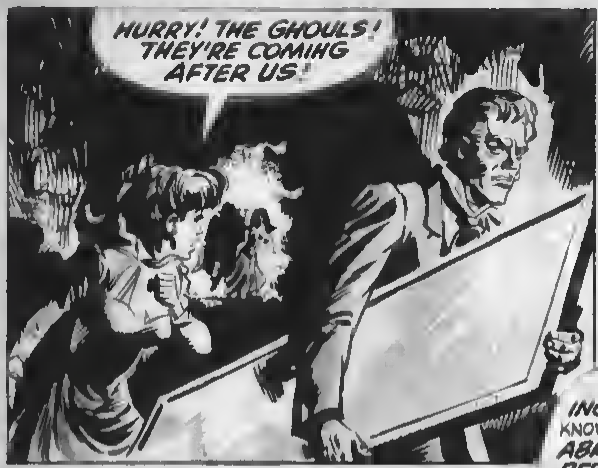
TIME ENOUGH FOR SALUTATIONS *LATER!* I'VE COME TO *DESTROY THOSE MONSTERS!* THE ONLY *CURE* FOR THEIR DISEASE IS *DEATH!*

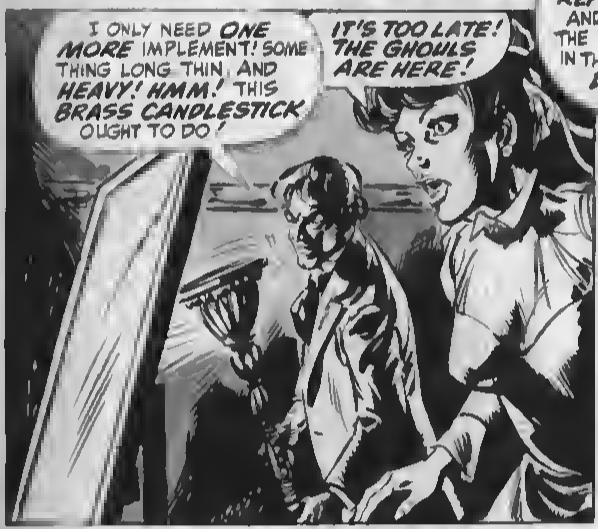
I'M ONLY SORRY I WASN'T IN TIME TO *SAVE YOUR HUSBAND!*

BUT *HOW* CAN THEY KILL THEM? DO YOU HAVE A *GUN?*

CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS ARE *USELESS* AGAINST THEM. ANY *DAMAGED CELLS* ARE INSTANTLY *REPLACED!*

BUT *THIS* HAS THE POWER TO *DESTROY THEM!* A FULL LENGTH *MIRROR* WHICH I PREVIOUSLY *HID* IN THIS UNLIT CORNER! THE *ONLY* LOOKING-GLASS IN THE *HOUSE!*





BECAUSE OF AN INCREDIBLE, LITTLE-KNOWN FACT THAT I LEARNED ABROAD! SHATTER THE REFLECTION OF A GHOUL AND YOU ALSO SHATTER THE LIFE-FORCE STORED IN IN THEIR BODIES! THEN THE DISEASE CLAIMS THEM!

MADDENED, INCAUTIOUS FROM AN ALL-CONSUMING HUNGER, THE TWO PURSUERS RUSH UP THE LAST OF THE STEPS! THEY HALT BEFORE THE UNEXPECTED VIEW OF THEIR OWN IMAGES!

MELANIE STARES IN HORROR AS THE ENERGY AND VERY COLOR SEEMS TO DRAIN AWAY FROM THE GHOULS! SINCLAIR AND THE GIRL AGE, THEIR SKIN DRYING AND BECOMING BRITTLE! BLOOD, NO LONGER CONTAINED BY DISSOLVING VEINS AND ROTTING ORGANS, OOZES FREELY FROM THE CRACKING, DECAYING BODIES! FINALLY, THE ODOROUS, DECOMPOSE CORPSES FALL AND SLIDE DOWN THE CORRUGATED STEPS TO A BLACKNESS THAT WILL BE THEIR ETERNAL GRAVE!

OH MY GOD!
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS DAMNED ROOM!

THANK HEAVENS YOU WERE HERE TO SAVE ME! LISTEN! NOW THAT SINCLAIR IS DEAD, I SHOULD INHERIT A LARGE PART, IF NOT ALL, OF HIS ESTATE! AND I WON'T HAVE TO SHARE IT WITH MY HUSBAND!
YOU MAY LOOK FORWARD TO A REWARD, STRANGER!
YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER ABOUT THAT! I WILL INHERIT IT ALL! YOU SEE, MY NAME IS STEVEN DE MAINE!

GOOD LORD-- I FORGOT! SINCLAIR DID HAVE A SON! BUT YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF TOUCH FOR YEARS!
I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO RETURN TO KILL YOUR OWN FATHER!
YES, IT IS A PITY! YET HE HAD TO BE STOPPED! TOO MANY VILLAGERS WERE DISAPPEARING! THE POLICE WERE BECOMING INCREASINGLY SUSPICIOUS OF DE MAINE HOUSE! BUT NOW HIS DEATH WILL ALLAY THOSE SUSPICIONS!
NOW I AM THE MASTER OF DE MAINE--- OF DEMON HOUSE! WHICH IS WHY I SAVED YOU---

--- FOR MYSELF!
YOU POOR, LITTLE FOOL! YOU NEVER COULD HAVE GUESSED THAT--- GHOULISM IS HEREDITARY!!!
NO... NOOOO--- NOOOO!!

THE END

4 in 1

Scream Screen

Preview

All Girl-Ghoul Movies of the Macabre

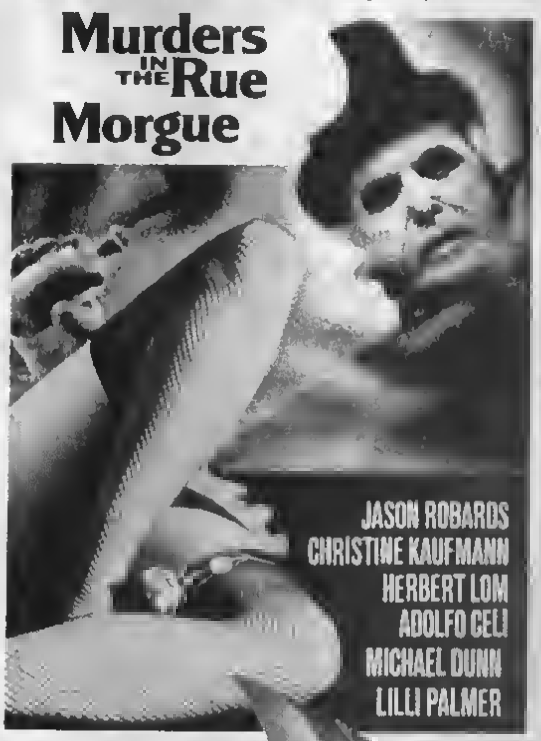
. . . the GAL-GHOULS of the MOVIE MACABRE CINEMA are almost a new phenomena . . . in the past most females have been victims — PURSUED rather than PURSUERS (with the notable exception of 'Bride of Frankenstein' and Dracula's various brides and daughters) . . . perhaps it's because Women's Liberation has cast a new light on the equal rights and capabilities of girls as monsters, but whatever the cause, the effect of girls in terrorizing roles these last few years is a welcome relief to diabolical reels all the time . . .

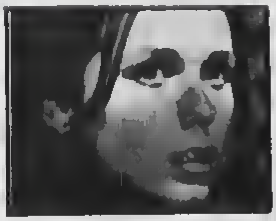
. . notable recently are four interesting movie macabre vehicles which carry females as lead-characters very well . . . the four movies we are about to review are low on plot, low on quality, low on budget and generally just low . . . but the female stars make 'em well worth seeing . . .

. . . we recommend these four movies, therefore, because of the GAL-GHOULS in 'em . . .and several other interesting little things in 'em — which we'll tell you about as we review 'THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED' . . . 'BLOOD AND LACE' . . . 'DEEP THRUST' and . . . 'MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE' . . .

Edgar Allan Poe's masterpiece of the grotesque...

Murders in the Rue Morgue



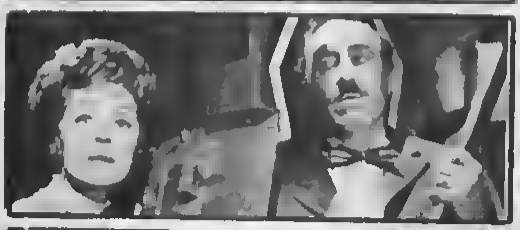


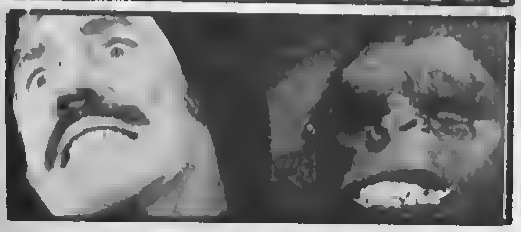
THE HOUSE THAT SCREAMED is made atmospheric nerve-racking mysterious and evil by beautiful LILLI PALMER who is atmospheric nerve-racking mysterious and evil the film would be a waste of time and money without her presence, and only her reserved (de)composure gives the movie any class at all still there are some interesting scenes of the House-that-is-the-school . and some interesting plot twists made effective by the camera work of MANUEL BERENGUER

LILLI PALMER plays Mme Fourneau who operates a girl's school for 'problem girls' — there's no problem with the girls, just with Miss Palmer's SON Louis (John Brown) who kills the imperfect girls and cuts them up, then sews them into one perfect CORPSE modelled after his critical mother . "An ATMOSPHERE OF HORROR

HORROR in a European ALL-GIRLS SCHOOL is the plot of this macabre movie the HORROR is a MAN hiding in BASEMENT who loves to come out at night to KILL

American International has done it again these movie-makers just LOVE the name 'EDGAR ALLAN POE' and use it all the time but NEVER ONCE have they been JUSTIFIED in using it this company makes good movies good commercial horror movies but one wishes they'd stop using Poe's name and titles for movies that have nothing to do with poor Poe however, the movie — 'MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE' is excellent with JASON ROBARTS and LILLI PALMER in title roles along with HERBERT LOM as the 'monster' made excellent with fine photography, stars, plot and weird death scenes MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE' is well worth your attention 'EXCITING HORROR VISUALS





The RUE MORGUE is a one-way street that winds and twists its way into the world of the Once Human!

LOVE and MURDER are the two consuming passions of the Rue Morgue!

SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF and JAMES H. NICHOLSON present

JASON ROBARDS IN

Edgar Allan Poe's masterpiece of the grotesque!

Murders IN THE Rue Morgue

STARRING

CHRISTINE KAUFMANN
HERBERT LOM ADOLFO CELI

"K" for Karate.

SEE . . . Kung Fu — Karate at its deadliest.

DEEP THRUST THE HAND OF DEATH

Color by DeLuxe®
A WALLMARK Presentation
An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release

. . . HORROR in this movie is the deadly act of mental bereaved COMBAT as performed by ANGELA MAO, who demolishes men with deep thrusts of hapkido, judo, jiu jitsu, karate, sword and kung-fu.

. . . quite frankly when we went to review this movie we didn't expect much — we'd heard that the "karate movies" were just one long fight scene, without plot and therefore without merit . . . HORRORS . . . we got the shock of our LIFE — it was a very very GOOD MOVIE ! ! All the action scenes were visually exciting as hell — and the plot was quite moving and sad . . . there is a lot of foul-language and corny dialogue in this movie but one thing is definite, you sure won't get BORED ! . . . 'THOROUGHLY INVOLVING AND EXCITING

BLOOD AND LACE was photographed with an out-of-focus Brownie the sound was recorded in a wind-tunnel the color of the film is off-grey the direction was by a four-year-old retarded whale . . the acting is so atrocious it a even worse than HEE HAW except not nearly as funny and yet AND YET the film has SOMETHING going for it — namely, an interesting ENDING

we recommend you see several films because of one of two small points in the films of some note or interest — we recommended BLACULA because of WILLIAM MACAULAY S performance as DRACULA we recommended ASYLUM because it had a ferocious, spine-tingling ENDING . we now recommend BLOOD and LACE because of a curious twist ending, the combination of a moment s good photography, good sound recording, and an interesting plot climax 'ONE HELL OF AN ENDING

TERROR STRIKES AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN!

from its hiding place in the darkest corner of the unknown!

BLOOD & LACE

GLORIA GRAHAME · MILTON SELZER
LEN LESSER · VIC TAYBACK · MELODY PATTERSON

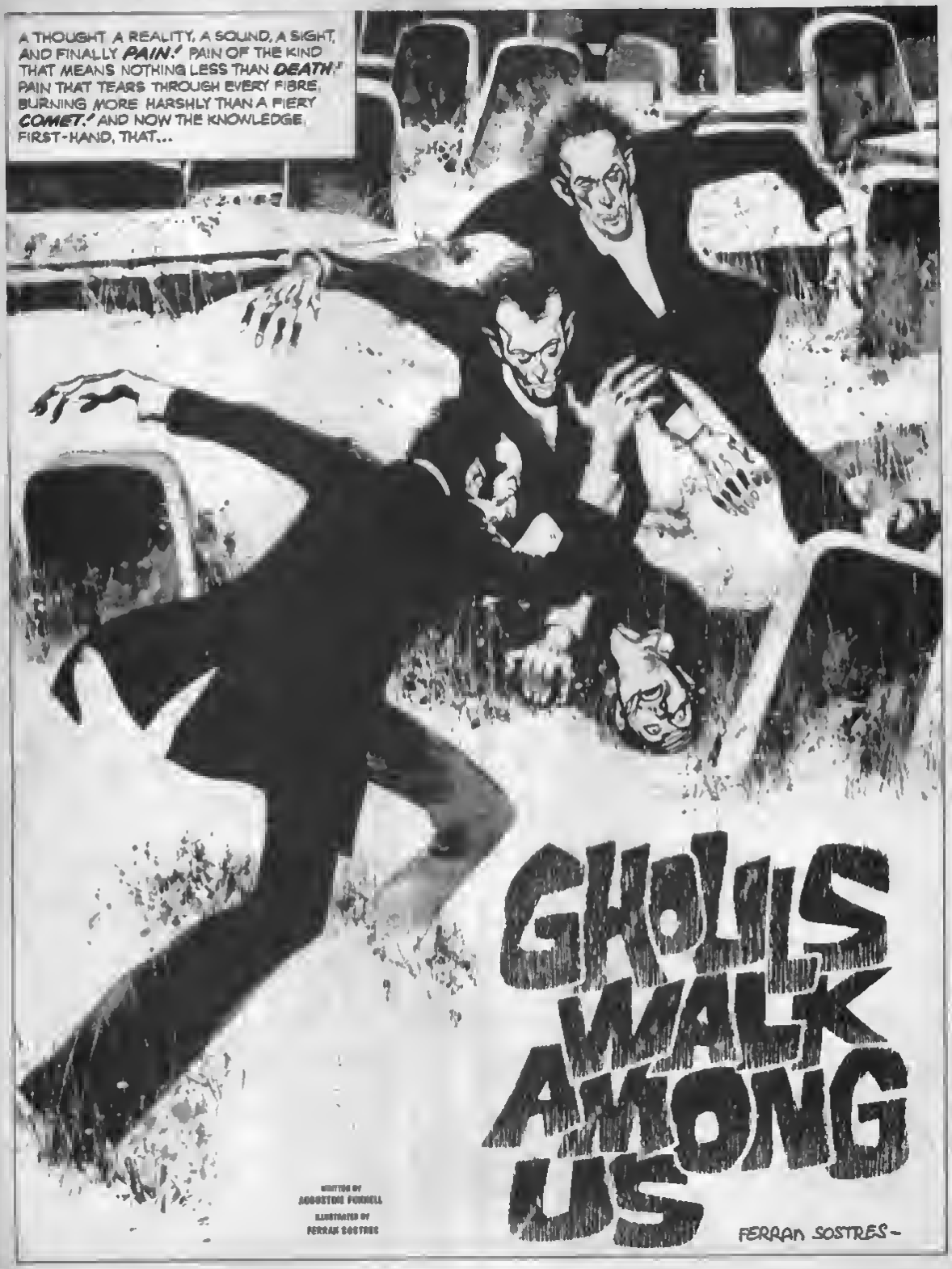
COLOR

THE SOUND OF DARKNESS...AT FIRST JUST A THOUGHT... BUT THEN, WITH CREEPING SLITHERING ***TERROR*** THE SOUND OF DARKNESS BECOMES A ***REALITY!***

AND WITH REALITY COMES ***FEAR!*** THAT BLINDS AND BLOCKS OUT EVERYTHING!

NOW MORE THAN A THOUGHT, THE SOUND OF DARKNESS CAN BE ***HEARD!*** IT MOVES SLOWLY.. BUT IT ***MOVES!***

AND WITH ***MIND-SNAPPING*** FINALITY THE SOUND OF DARKNESS CAN BE ***SEEN!*** SEEN IN ITS AWFUL ***HORROR!*** SEEN AND ***FEARED*** LIKE NOTHING ***BEFORE*** IT!


A THOUGHT, A REALITY, A SOUND, A SIGHT, AND FINALLY PAIN! PAIN OF THE KIND THAT MEANS NOTHING LESS THAN DEATH! PAIN THAT TEARS THROUGH EVERY FIBRE, BURNING MORE HARSHLY THAN A FIERY COMET! AND NOW THE KNOWLEDGE, FIRST-HAND, THAT...
GHOULS WALK AMONG US
WRITTEN BY AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
ILLUSTRATED BY FERRAN SOSTRES
FERRAN SOSTRES

MORNING, AS IT ALWAYS DOES, COMES... AND WITH IT COMES THE *CHILL* OF *UNEXPLAINED HORROR*.

GOOD LORD BILL! WOULD YOU LOOK AT *THIS!?!*

I KNOW CARL. IT'S NOT A PRETTY SIGHT. I THINK WE RE DEALING WITH SOME KIND OF *MANIAC*, WHO FOUND IT ANYWAY?

THE *GRAVEDIGGER*. HE LIVES IN A SHACK JUST OVER THAT HILL.

BUT A NIGHT OF HORROR IS *NOT* ALWAYS EASILY *EXPLAINED*.

I DIDN'T HEAR A THING ALL LAST NIGHT. THEN, WHEN I WENT OUT THIS MORNING TO DIG A NEW GRAVE I FOUND THE *BONES*. CALLED YOU FELLOWS RIGHT AWAY.

WE CAN'T BE SURE, BUT THE SAME TYPE OF THING MIGHT HAPPEN *AGAIN*. IF YOU HEAR *ANYTHING*, LET US KNOW *RIGHT AWAY*.

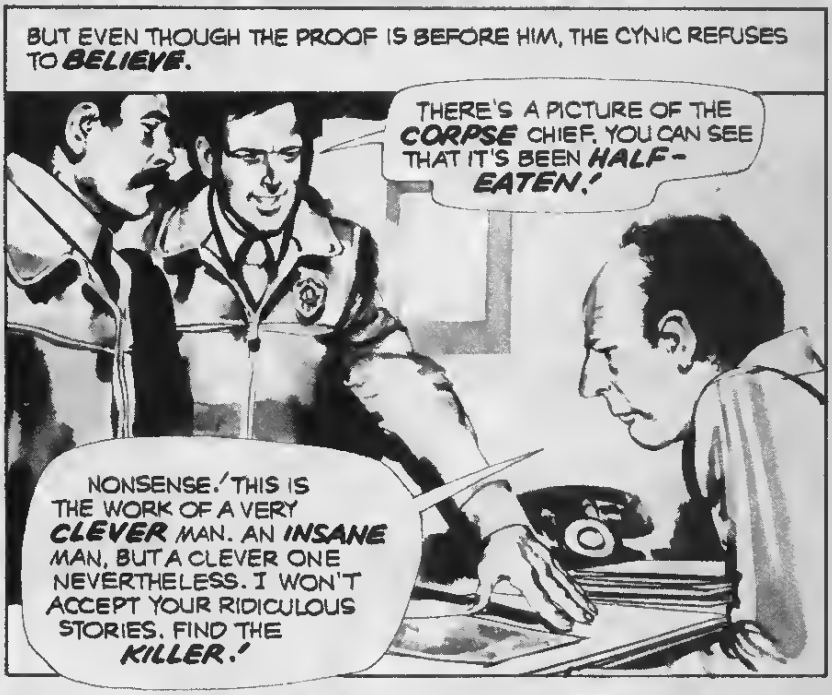
AND A NIGHT OF HORROR IS EVEN HARDER TO EXPLAIN TO A *CYNIC*.

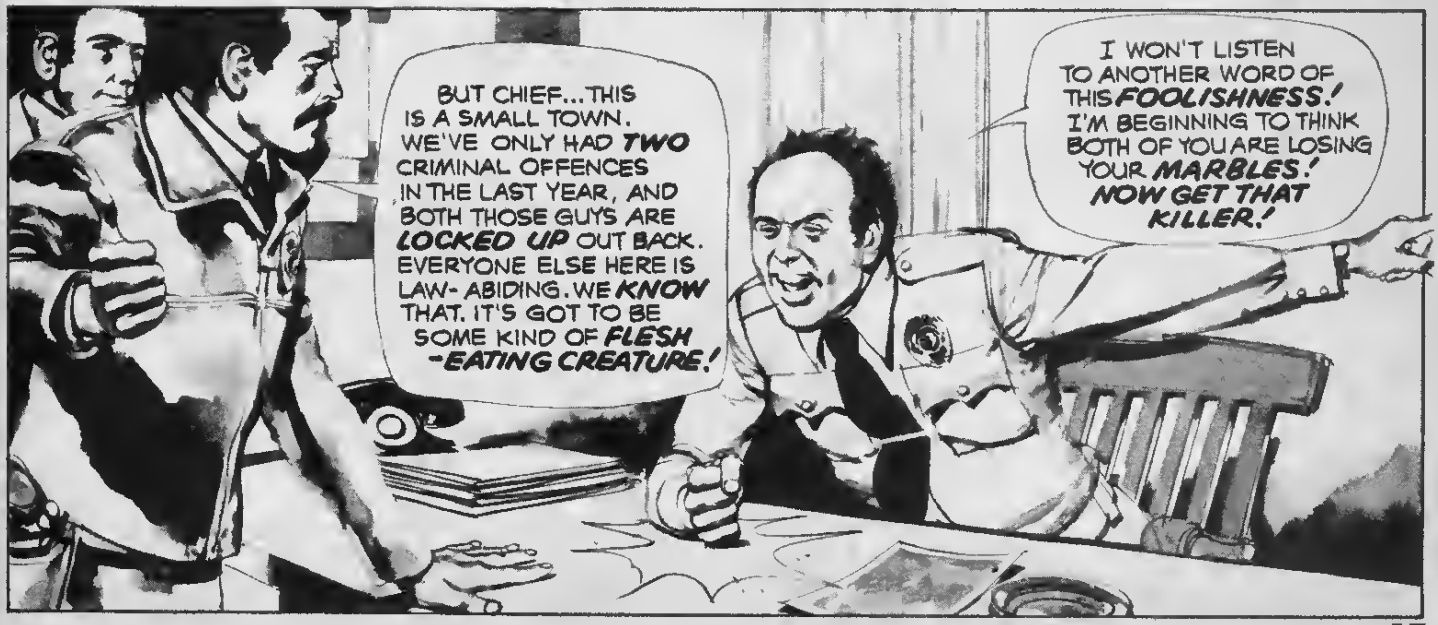
BUT CHIEF... AT *FIRST* WE THOUGHT IT *WAS* A HOMICIDAL MANIAC. BUT NO MAN COULD TEAR APART ANOTHER MAN LIKE *THAT!* IT'S *IMPOSSIBLE!*

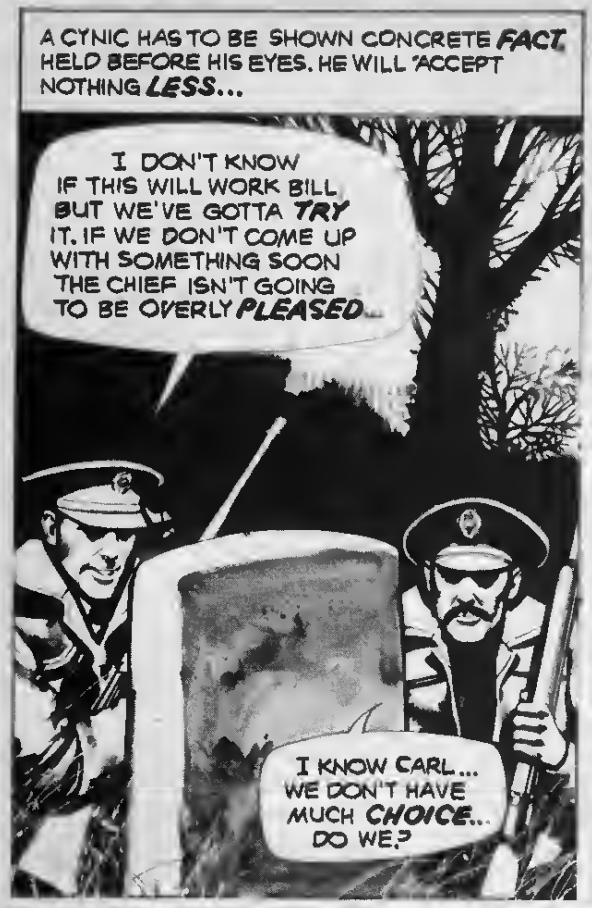
AND I *STILL* SAY SOMEONE TOTALLY *INSANE* COMMITED THE MURDER. IF YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOUR STORY, YOU'LL HAVE TO *PROVE* IT!

CHIEF... SOME OF THE BONES HAD *TEETH MARKS IN THEM!*

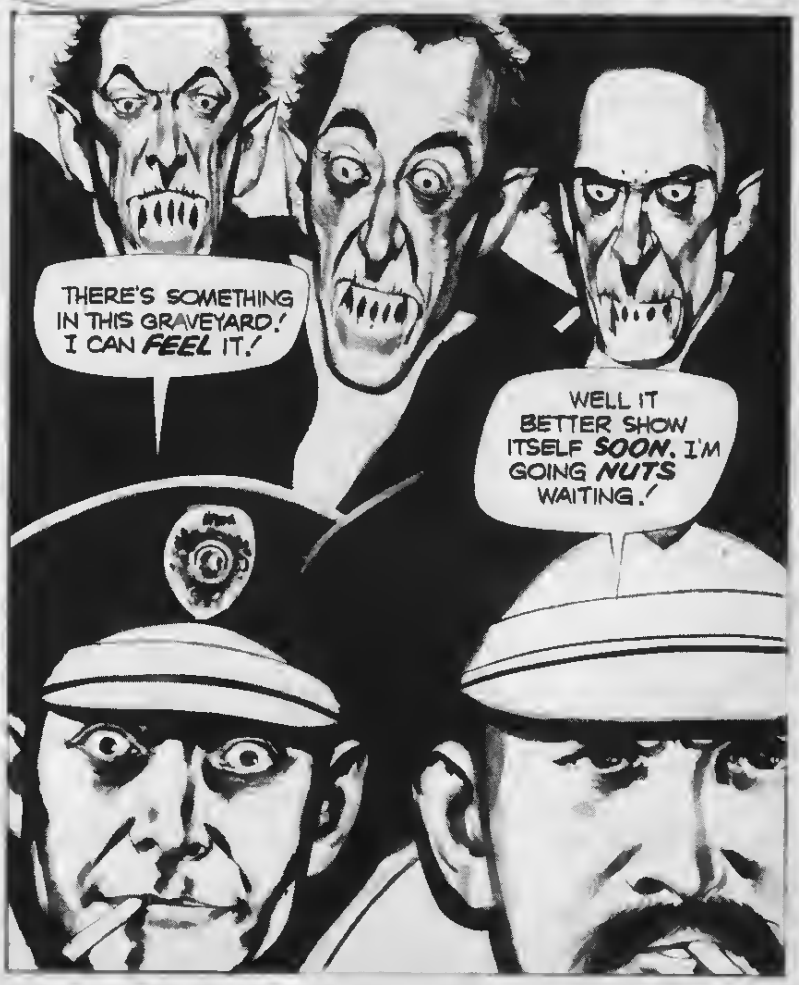
AGAIN THE SOUND OF DARKNESS, BUT THIS TIME THERE IS NO *LIVING* VICTIM.


BUT EVEN THOUGH THE PROOF IS BEFORE HIM, THE CYNIC REFUSES TO *BELIEVE*.
THERE'S A PICTURE OF THE *CORPSE* CHIEF. YOU CAN SEE THAT IT'S BEEN *HALF-EATEN*.!
NONSENSE.! THIS IS THE WORK OF A VERY *CLEVER* MAN. AN *INSANE* MAN, BUT A CLEVER ONE NEVERTHELESS. I WON'T ACCEPT YOUR RIDICULOUS STORIES. FIND THE *KILLER*.!


BUT CHIEF...THIS IS A SMALL TOWN. WE'VE ONLY HAD *TWO* CRIMINAL OFFENCES IN THE LAST YEAR, AND BOTH THOSE GUYS ARE *LOCKED UP* OUT BACK. EVERYONE ELSE HERE IS LAW-ABIDING. WE *KNOW* THAT. IT'S GOT TO BE SOME KIND OF *FLESH-EATING CREATURE*.!
I WON'T LISTEN TO ANOTHER WORD OF THIS *FOOLISHNESS*.! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK BOTH OF YOU ARE LOSING YOUR *MARBLES*.! *NOW GET THAT KILLER*.!


A CYNIC HAS TO BE SHOWN CONCRETE FACT HELD BEFORE HIS EYES. HE WILL ACCEPT NOTHING LESS...
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS WILL WORK BILL BUT WE'VE GOTTA TRY IT. IF WE DON'T COME UP WITH SOMETHING SOON THE CHIEF ISN'T GOING TO BE OVERLY PLEASED...
I KNOW CARL... WE DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE... DO WE?

ONCE MORE THE SOUND OF DARKNESS... FOR THE THIRD TIME IN AS MANY NIGHTS. SOMEHOW THOUGH, THE SOUND OF DARKNESS CAN BE MUCH MORE HORRIBLE WHEN EXPERIENCED FIRST-HAND.
DAMMIT! I'M GETTIN' THE CREEPS FROM BEING IN THIS PLACE!
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN! IF SOMETHING DOESN'T HAPPEN SOON I'M GETTING THE HELL OUT OF HERE! IF THE CHIEF WANTS A KILLER, HE CAN GET HIM ALONE!


THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS GRAVEYARD! I CAN FEEL IT!
WELL IT BETTER SHOW ITSELF SOON. I'M GOING NUTS WAITING!

...UGH... BILL?
HUH? WHAT IS IT?
LOOK... BE QUIET WILL YOU... AAAAHHHH!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!?/ I THOUGHT I HEARD...
AAAAAAHHHHHH!
THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND SMILE. THIS HAS BEEN A GOOD NIGHT. NO NEED AT ALL FOR THEM TO GO HUNGRY NOW.
NO, THEY WON'T GO HUNGRY THIS NIGHT

EPILOGUE:

THEY HAVE FINISHED THEIR ***MEAL***, AND ARE LEAVING, FOR THEY HAVE TO GO HOME. THE SOUND OF DARKNESS IS ***QUIET*** NOW, FOR THERE IS NO ONE AROUND TO HEAR IT

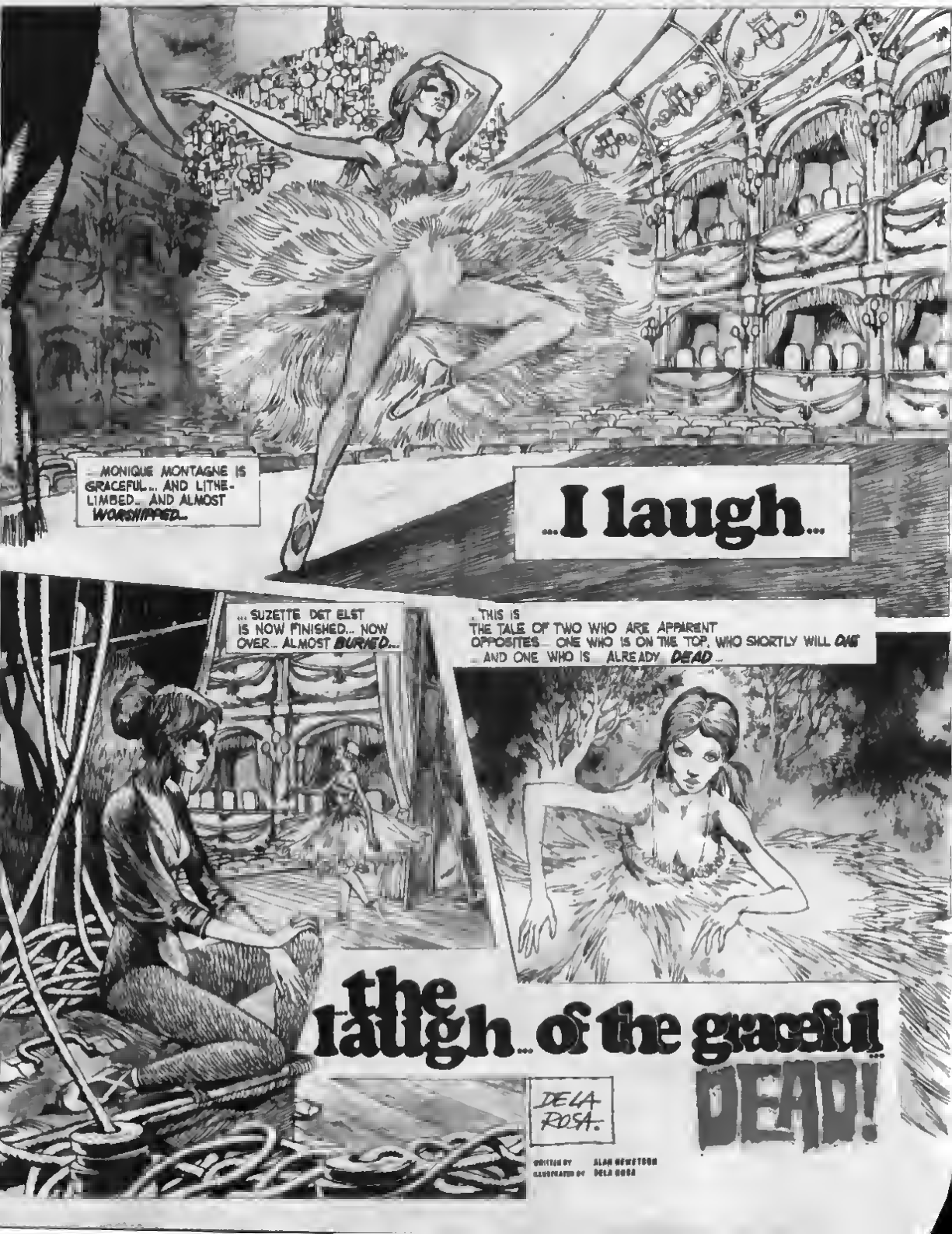
BUT IT WILL BE HEARD AGAIN, FOR THE SOUND OF DARKNESS IS ***ALWAYS*** THERE, WAITING...WAITING...***WAITING!***

WE'LL STALK TO'MORROW NIGHT ***BROTHERS***...REST WELL UNTIL THEN...

YES MRS. CRANSTON. WEIRD ***NOISES*** IN YOUR GARDEN TO-NIGHT, EH? WELL I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING ***ANOTHER*** MATTER TO-NIGHT AND I'M AFRAID I WON'T BE ABLE TO GET OVER. TO-MORROW NIGHT FOR ***SURE***. I'LL SEE YOU ***THEN***. GOOD-BYE.

IT IS QUIET NOW. ALL IS PLEASANT, AND THE SOUND OF DARKNESS HAS FADED FOR ANOTHER NIGHT. BUT ONE OF THE CAUSES OF THAT SOUND SITS BACK IN HIS CHAIR, SMILES, CLOSES HIS EYES, AND LISTENS TO THE SOUNDS OF THE DEAD GRUMBLING WITHIN HIM...

...THIS IS THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS...
THE TOWN THAT CRUMBLED
...THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF CORRUPT, DEGENERATE DEAD PLACES ON THIS EARTH... THE MOST TRADITIONAL THAT WE KNOW OF IN THESE AMERICAS IS THE GHOST TOWN ... THE REMNANTS OF A ONCE-PROSPEROUS SOCIETY THAT FELL APART WHEN PROGRESS CAME ALONG...
...INHABITED, THESE DAYS, BY A GHOST CORPSE WHO REFUSED TO STAY IN HIS GRAVE...
...THERE WAS ANOTHER PLACE ONCE THAT CRUMBLED... THE PLACE NAMED ATLANTIS... ...A PLACE WHERE THE EARTH ONCE HEAVED AND TWISTED IN THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS EARTHQUAKE AND A PORTION OF THE EARTH'S CRUST SUNK BENEATH THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEANS...
...INHABITED, THESE DAYS, LIKE THE COMMON AMERICAN GHOST TOWN, BY A THING WHO REFUSED TO DIE... ...BY A THING DEGENERATED BY THE OCEANS... HALF-EATEN BY THE BEASTS OF THE SEAS... BUT STILL CLINGING TO LIFE... REFUSING TO DIE... REFUSING TO CRUMBLE WITH THE TOWN IN WHICH IT LIVES OR... UN-LIVES...


... MONIQUE MONTAGNE IS GRACEFUL... AND LITHE-LIMBED... AND ALMOST WORSHIPPED...
...I laugh...
... SUZETTE DET ELST IS NOW FINISHED... NOW OVER... ALMOST BURIED...
... THIS IS THE TALE OF TWO WHO ARE APPARENT OPPOSITES... ONE WHO IS ON THE TOP, WHO SHORTLY WILL DIE ... AND ONE WHO IS ALREADY DEAD...
the laugh... of the graceful... DEAD!
DE LA ROSA.
WRITTEN BY ALAN NEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY DELA ROSA

...I... CANNOT ENDURE THIS .. SHE SHOULD NOT BE SO ADMIRED... I AM THE ONE TO BE ADMIRED.. I AM DESERVING... ... I WORKED TOO LONG... TOO HARD TO LET A YOUNG...
...CHILD TAKE THE HONOR THAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE...
...AND I WILL NOT LET HER...
... SUZETTE?... ... WHAT IS IT? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
NO... NOT ANY MORE...
...SUZETTE...

... I'LL STUFF HER IN HER TRUNK...
... WHEN THEY REALIZE SHE WON'T SHOW UP IN TIME FOR—
—THE NEXT PERFORMANCE THEY'LL NEED A SUBSTITUTE... AND I AM THE ONLY DANCER ABLE TO FILL HER SLIPPERS...
...YES... YES.. DO YOU WANT TO DO IT SUZETTE? .. I KNOW— IT'S NOT VERY KIND TO ASK YOU KNOWING HOW... HOW YOU FEEL BUT.. I HAVE NO CHOICE SUZETTE... ...IT WILL JUST BE FOR ONE PERFORMANCE JUST TILL WE FIND MONIQUE..
... THEY LOVE ME... ... THEY LOVE ME SO .. ...LISTEN TO THEM MOAN AND MURMUR IN DELIGHT ...I MUST BE MORE GRACEFUL THAN I WAS IN MY YOUTH... THEY WERE NOT SO APPRECIATIVE THEN...
SUZETTE... ... SUZETTE HAVE YOU SEEN MONIQUE? MY GOD THERE IS ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE OUR SECOND PERFORMANCE AND I CAN'T FIND HER... ...NO-ONE CAN FIND HER...
... YOU'LL NEED A REPLACEMENT...
... IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE M. TOULAC...

MONIQUE!

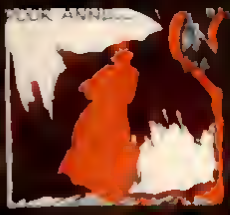
...BUT SHE'S DEAD... MY GOD SHE'S DEAD... SHE'S DEAD... ...I KILL HER... ... SHE'S DEAD...

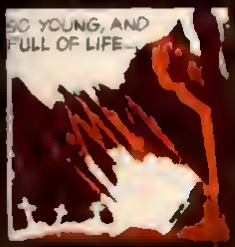
...LISTEN TO THEM APPLAUD... ...NOT ME... HER... ...A DEAD CORPSE... ...THEY'RE APPLAUDING A... CORPSE...

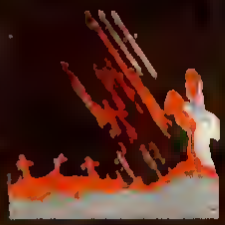
MONIQUE... MONIQUE... WAIT... ...WAIT I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU.
...I WANT TO FIND OUT HOW YOU ARE ALIVE WHEN I KILLED YOU.

...WHERE ARE YOU?... ...HER ROOM IS EMPTY... ...WHERE IS SHE?...

... IN... THE TRUNK?... ... MAYBE THIS IS ALL IN MY MIND... ... MAYBE I'M GOING INSANE.. ... MAYBE NONE OF IT HAPPENED ... MAYBE IT WAS A NIGHTMARE OR... OR MAYBE IT'S ONLY MY CONSCIENCE DRIVING ME MAD...
.. SHE MUST BE IN THE TRUNK...
... SHE MUST BE IN THE TRUNK ... I PUT HER IN THE TRUNK ... ...I KILLED HER... I STUFFED HER INTO THE TRUNK AFTER I SHOVED A KNIFE INTO HER STOMACH...
...OH LORD...
... HOW?... ... I... DON'T UNDERSTAND.. I... I KILLED YOU...
. SILLY OLD FOOL..
.. NO... YOU THRUST A KNIFE INTO MY STOMACH... AND... IT AMUSED ME TO PLAY DEAD... BUT YOU CANNOT KILL ONE WHO IS...
ALREADY DEAD SUZETTE... .. AND.. YOU WERE REALLY SO FUNNY YOU KNOW... .. STUFFING ME IN MY OWN COFFIN-BED...
... AND MONIQUE MONTAGNE.. THE WORSHIPPED.. THE LITHE-LIMBED... AND ABOVE ALL, THE GRACEFUL TOAST OF THE BALLET-CIRCUIT LAUGHED THE LAUGH OF THE GRACEFUL DEAD...







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